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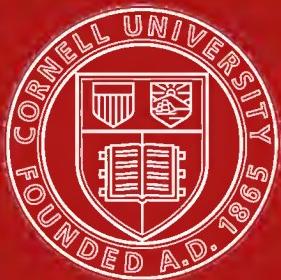
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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Puritan

OR

The Widow of Watling Street

“Written by W.S.”

<i>Date of this the Earliest Known Edition</i>	1607
<i>[B.M. Press-mark, C. 34, l. 4]</i>	
<i>Next issued in the Third Folio Shakespeare.</i>	1664
<i>Also issued in the Folio of</i>	1685
<i>Reproduced in Facsimile</i>	1911

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Puritan OR The Widow of Watling Street

"Written by W.S."

William Shakespeare—Supposititious Works.

1607

*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of
THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS*

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The Puritan
OR
The Widow of Watling Street

“Written by W.S.”

1607

“*The Puritan, or The Widow of Watling Street*,” appears on the Stationers’ Books under date of Aug. 6th, 1607, the year of publication.

Kirkman identified “W.S.” as Shakespeare, and the editors of the Third and Fourth Folios included the play in those collected editions of the poet’s works, together with six others since regarded as more or less “doubtful.”

There are copies of this quarto in the Bodleian, the Capell (Cambridge), and other collections.

Mr. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, comparing this facsimile with the original says: “I enclose ‘The Puritan Widow’ facsimile text: excellent, except for over-heaviness here and there.” This inequality is, as I have frequently explained, due to a slight exaggeration inevitable in photographing the stained pages of the original copies of many, indeed most of the plays in this series.”

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE
PVRITAINE
Or
THE VVIDDOWV
of Watling-streete.

Mdded by the Children of Paules.

Written by W. S.



Imprinted at London by C. E. 1607.

1607.

The Tufitaine Widdow.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

Enter the Lady Widdow-Plus, her two Daughters Franke and Moll, her husbands Brother an old Knight Sir Godfrey, with her Sonne and heyre Maister Edmond, all in moorning apparell, Edmond in a Cypress Hatte. The Widdow wringing her bands, and bursting out into passion, as newly come from the Buriall of her husband.

Wid. O H, that euer I was borne, that euer I was borne!
Sir Godf. Nay good Sister, deare sister, sweete
sister, bee of good comfort, shew your selfe a woman, now or
neuer.

Wid. Oh, I haue lost the dearest man, I haue buried the sweetest
husband that euer lay by woman.

Sir Godf. Nay, give him his due, hee was indeed an honest,
virtuous, discreet wise-man, -- hee was my Brother, as right,
as right.

Wid. O, I shall neuer forget him, neuer forget him, hee was a
man so well giuen to a wooman--oh!

Sir Godf. Nay but kinde Sister, I could weepe as much as any
woman, but alas our teares cannot call him againe: me thinkes
you are well read Sister, and know that death is as common as
Homo a common name to all men; --- a man shall bee taken
when hee's making water, -- Nay, did not the learned Parson
Maister *Pigman* tell vs een now, that all Flesh is fraile, wee are
borne to dye, Man ha's but a time: with such like deepe and
profound persuasions, as hee is a rare fellow you know, and an
excellent Reader: and for example, (as there are examples
abundance,) did not Sir *Humfrey Bubble* dye tother day there's
a lustie Widdow, why shee cryed not aboue halfe an houre--for
shame, for shame: then followed him old Maister *Fulsome* the
Usurer, there's a wise Widdow, why shee cryed nere a whitte
at all.

Wid. O rancke not mee with those wicked women, I had a
Husband out-shinde 'em all.

Syr Godf. I that he did Ifaith , h'e out-shind 'em all.

Widd. Doost thou stand there and see vs all weepe , and not once shed a teare for thy fathers death ? oh thou vngracious sonne and heyre thou :

Edm. Troth Mother I should not weepe I'me sure ; I am past a childe I hope , to make all my old Schoole fellowes laughe at me ; I should bee mockt , so I should ; Pray let one of my Sisters weepe for mee , He laughe as much for her another tyme?

Widd. Oh thou past-Grace thou , out of my sight, thou grace-less impe , thou grieuest mee more then the death of thy Father ? oh thou stubborne onely sonne ? hadst thou such an honest man to thy Father ---that would deceave all the world to get riches for thee, and canst thou not afforde a little salt wa-ter ? he that so wisely did quite ouer-throw the right heyre of those lands , which now you respect not , vp euerly morning betwixt foure and fife so duely at Westminster Hall euerly Tearme-Time , with all his Cardes and writings , for thee thou wicked *Absolon* -- oh deare husband !

Edm. Weep ? quotha ? I protest I am glad hee's Churched? for now hee's gone I shall spend in quiet?

Fran. Deere mother ; pray cease, halfe your Teares suffize , Tis time for you to take truce with youre eyes , Let me weepe now ?

Widd. Oh such a deere knight ! such a sweete husband haue I lost, haue I lost ? ---if Blessed bee the coarse the raine raynes vpon, he had it, powring downe ?

Syr Godf. Sister? be of good cheere , wee are all mortall our selues , I come vpon you freshly, I neare speake without comfort, heere me what I shall say;---my brother ha's left you well-thy , y'are rich.

Widd. Oh !

Syr Godf. I say y'are rich ? you are also faire.

Widd. Oh !

Sir Godf. Goe too y'are faire, you cannot smother it, beauty will come to light ; nor are your yeares so fatre enter'd with you ; but that you will bee sought after ; and may very well answere another husband ; the world is full of fine Gallants,
choyse

THE FVRTY TYNE WIDDOW.

chayse enow Sister, ---for what should wee doe with all our Knights I pray? but to marry riche widdowes, wealthy Cittizens widdowes; full faire -- browd Ladies; go too, bec of good comfort I say leaue snobbing and weeping---yet my brother was a kinde hearted man---I would not haue the Elfe see mee now? ---come pluck vp a womans heart --- here stands your Daughters, who be well estated, and at maturity will also bee enquir'd after with good hufbands, so all these teares shall bee soone dried vp and a better world then euer---what? Woman? you must not weepe still? hee's dead hee's buried---yet I cannot chuse but weepe for him!

Wid. Marry againe! no! let me be buried quick then!
And that sanie part of Quire whereon I tread

To inch intent, O may it be my graue;
And that the Priest may turne his wedding praiers,
Een with a breath, to funerall dust and ashes;
Oh, out of a million of millions, I should nere finde such a
husband; hee was vnmatchable, ---vnmatchable? nothing was
so hot, nor to deere for mee, I could not speake of that one
thing that I had not, beside I had keyes of all, kept all, receiu'd all,
had money in my purse, spent what I would, went
abroad when I would, came home when I would, and did all
what I would? Oh---my sweete husband; I shall neuer haue
the like?

Sir Godf Sister? nere say so; hee was an honest brother of
mine, and so, and you may light vpon one as honest againe,
or one as honest againe may light vpon you, that's the pro-
per phrase indeed?

Wid. Neuer? oh if you loue me vrge it not,
Oh may I be the by-word of the world,
The common talke at Table in the morth
Of euery Groome and Wayter, if e're more
I entertaine the carnall suite of Man?

Mol. I must kneele downe for fashion too?
Frawck, And I, whom never man as yet hath scald
Be'n in this depth of generall sorrow, vowe

Neare

THE PERTAINING WIDOW.

Neuer to marry, to sustaine such losse
As a deere husband seemes to be, once dead?

Mol. I lou'd my father well too; but to say,
Nay now, I would not marry for her death?
Sure I shoulde speake false Latin; should I not?
Ide as soone vow neuer to come in Bed.

Tut? Women must live by th' quick, and not by th' dead.

Wid. Deare Copie of my husband, oh let me kisse thee;
How like him is their Model? their briete Picture *Drawing our*
Quickenes my teares: my sorrowes are renew'd her husbands
At their fresh sight? *Picture.*

Sir Godf. Sister----

Wid. Away,
All honesty with him is turn'd to clay,
Oh my sweete husband, oh----

Franck. My deere father? *Exeunte mother and daughters.*
Mol. Heres a puling indeede! I thinke my Mother weepes for
all the women that euer buried husbands: for if from time to
time all the Widdowers teares in England had beene bottled
vp, I do not thinke all would haue fild a three-halfe-penny Bot-
tle; Alasse a small matter buckes a hand-kercher, ---- and som-
times the spittle stands to nie Saint Thomas a Watring; well, I
can mourne in good sober sort as well as another? but where I
spend one teare for a dead Father, I could give twenty kisses
for a quick husband. *Exit Mol.*

Sir Godf. Well, go thy waies old *Sir Godfrey*, and thou maist
be proud on't, thou hast a kinde louing sister-in-lawe; how con-
stant? how passionate? how ful of Aprill the poore soules eyes
are; well, I would my Brother knew on't, he should then know
what a kinde wife hee had left behinde him; truth and twere
not for shame that the Neighbours at th' next garden should
heare me. betweene ioye and grieve, I should e'en cry out-right!

Exit Sir Godfrey.

Edmond. So, a faire riddance, my fathers layde in dust his Cof-
fin and he is like a whole-meate-pye, and the wormes will cut
him vp shottlie; farewell old Dad, farewell. He be cur'd in
no more, I perceiue a sonne and heire may quickly be made

THE PVRITAIN WIDDOW.

a foole and he will be one, but Ile take another order;--Now she would haue me weepe for him for sooth, and why? because he coz'n'd the right heire beeing a foole, and bestow'd those Lands vpon me his eldeſt Son; and therefore I must weepe for him ha , ha; Why al the world knowes as long as twas his pleasure to get me, twas his duety to get for me : I know the law in that point no Attorney can gull me ; Well, my Vnkle is an olde Asſe, and an Admirable Cockſcombe, Ile rule the Roast my ſelfe, Ile be kept vnder no more , I know what I may do well inough by my Fathers Copy : the Lawe's in mine owne hands now : nay now I know my ſtrength , Ile be ſtrong inough for my Mo-
ther I warrant you? Exit.

Enter George Py. bord a ſcholler and a Citizen and unto him an old ſouldier, Peter Skirmish.

Pye. What's to be done now? old Lad of War ; thou that were wont to be as hot as a turn-spit, as nimble as a fencer, & as lowzy as a ſchoole-maiftler ; now thou art put to silence like a Sec-
tarie? -- War ſitts now like a Justice of peace, and does nothing, where be your Muskets, Caleiuers and Hotshots ? in Long-line, at Pawne, at Pawne;--Now keies , are yours onely Guns, Key-guns, Key-guns, & Ravedes the Gunners,--who are your cen-
tinellis in peace, and stand ready charg'd to giue warning ; with hemis, hums, & pockey-coffs; only your Chambers are licenc'd to play vpon you, and Drabs eftow to giue fire to 'em.

Skir. Well, I cannot tell, but I am ſure it goes wrong with me, for ſince the cefure of the wars , I haue ſpent aboue a hundred crownes out a purſe : I haue beene a ſouldier any time this for-
ty yeares , and now I perceiue an olde ſouldier, and an olde Courtier haue both one destinie, and in the end turne both in-
to hob-nayles.

Pie. Prety miſtery for a begger, for indeed a hob-naile is the true embleme of a beggers ſhoο-ſoale;

Skir. I will not ſay but that warre is a bloud-fucker, and ſo; but in my conſcience , (as there is no ſouldier but has a peice of one, tho it bee full of holes like a ſhot Antient, no matter, twill ſerve to ſweare by) in my conſcience , I thinkē ſome kinde of

THE PURITAN WIDOW.

Peace, ha's more hidden oppressions, and violent heady sinnes,
(tho looking of a gentle nature) then a profest warre.

Pye. Troth, and for mine owne part, I am a poore Gentleman,
& a Scholler, I haue beene matriculated in the Vniuersitie, wore
out sixe Gownes there, scene some fooles, and some Schollers,
some of the City, and some of the Countrie, kept order, went
bare-headed ouer the Quadrangle, eate my Commons with a
good stomacke, and Battled with Discretion ; at last, hauing
done many flights and trickes to maintaine my wittie in vse
(as my braine would neuer endure nice to bee idle,) I was
expelld the Vniuersitie, onely for stealing a Cheese out of Jesu's
Colledge.

Skir. Is't possible?

Pye. Oh ! there was one Welshman (God forgiue him) pur-
sued it hard ; and neuer left, till I turnde my stafte toward
London, where when I came, all my friends were pitt-hold,
gone to Graves, (as indeed theré was but a few left before)
then was I turnde to my wittes, to shift in the world, to rowre
among Sonnes and Heyres, and Fooles, and Gulls, and Ladyes
eldest Sonnes, to worke vpon nothing, to seede out of Flint,
and euer since has my belly beeene much beholding to my
braine : But now to returne to you old Skirmish. I say as you
say, and for my part wish a Turbulency in the world, for I haue
nothing to loose but my wittes, and I thinke they are as mad
as they will be : and to strengthen your Argument the more, I
say an honest warre, is better then a bawdy peace : as touching
my profession ; The multiplicite of Schollers, hatcht, and nou-
risht, in the idle Caimes of peace, makes 'em like Fishes one
deuoure another ; and the communite of Learning ha's so plaide
vpon affections, and thereby almost Religion is come about to
Phantacie, and discredited by being too much spoken off.—in so
many & meane mouthes, I my selfe being a Scholler and a Gradu-
ate, haue no other confort by my learning, but the Affliction of
my words, to know how Scholler-like to name what I want, &
can call my selfe a Begger both in Greeke and Lattin, and ther-
fore not to cogg with Peace, He not be afraide to say, 'tis a great
Bredder, but a barren Nourisher : a great-getter of Children,
which must either be Theeues or Rich-men, Knaues or Beggars.

Skir. Well

THE PVRITAIN WIDDOW.

Skirmish. Well, would I had beeне borne a Knaue then,
when I was borne a Begger, for if the truth were knowne,
I thinke I was begot when my Father had neuer a penny in his
purse.

Pye. Puh, faint not old *Skirmish*, let this warrant thee, *Facilis Descentus Auerni*, 'tis an easie iourney to a Knaue, thou maist
bee a Knaue when thou wilt; and Peace is a good Madam to
all other professions, and an airant Drabbe to vs, let vs han-
dle her accordingly, and by our wittes thriue in despight of
her; for since the lawe liues by quarrells, the Courtier by
smooth God-morrowes, and euery profession makes it selfe
greater by imperfections, why not wee then by shifces, wiles,
and forgeries? and seeing our braines are our onely Patrimo-
nies, let's spend wiſh judgment, not like a desperate Sonne and
heire, but like a sober and discrete Templer,--one that will
neuer marche beyond the bounds of his allowance, and for
our thriuing meanes, thus, I my ſelfe will put on the Deceit of a
Fortune-teller, a Fortune-teller.

Skirm. Very proper.

Pye. And you of a figure-caster, or a Coniurer.

Skir. A Coniurer.

Pye. Let me alone, He iſtruct you, and teach you to deceiuē
all eyes, but the Diuels.

Skir. Oh I, for I would not deceiuē him and I could choose,
of all others.

Pye. Feare not I warrant you; and ſo by thoſe meanes wee
ſhall helpe one another to Patients, as the condition of the age
affords creatures enow for cunning to worke vpon.

Skir. Oh wondrous new fooles and ſtefh Afſes.

Pye. Oh, fit, fit, excellent.

Skir. What in the name of Coniuring?

Pye-boord. My memorie greetes mee happily with an admi-
rable ſubiect to graze vpon, The Lady-Widdow, who of late
I ſaw e weeping in her Garden for the death of her Hu-
band, ſure ſhe'as but a watrifh ſoule, and hafe on't by this
time ſdropt out of her Eyes: deuice well managde, may doe
good vpon her: it ſtands firme, my firſt practiſe ſhall bee
there?

THE PURITAIN WIDDOW.

Skir. You haue my voyce George?

Pye-boord. Sh'as a gray Gull to her Brother, a foole to her
onely sonne, and an Ape to her yongest Daughter; --- I ouer-
heard 'em severally, and from their words Ile deriuue my deuice;
and thou old Peter Skir will shall be my second in all slights.

Skir. Nere doubt mee George Pye-boord, --- onely you must
teach me to coniure. Enter Captaine Idle, pi-

Pys. Puh, Ile perfect thee, Peter: nioned, & with a guarda
How now? what's hee? .of Officers passeth ouer

Skir. Oh George! this sight kils me, the Stage.

Tis my sworne Brother, Captaine Idle.

Pye. Captaine Idle.

Skir. Apprehended for some felonious act or other, hee has
startedit out, h'as made a Night on't, lackt siluer; I cannot but
commend his resolution, he would not pawne his Buffe-Jerkin,
I would eyther some of vs were employde, or might pit'n our
Tents at Vsurers doores, to kill the slaves as they peepe out at
the Wicket.

Pye. Indeed those are our ancient Enemies; they keepe our
money in their hands, and make vs to bee hangd for robbing
of 'em, but come letts follow after to the Prison, and know the
Nature of his offence, and what we can stede him in, hee shall be
sure of; and Ile uphold it still, that a charitable Knaue, is better
then a soothing Puritaine. Exeunt.

Enter at one doore Corporall Oth, a Vaine-glorious fellow,
and at the other, three of the Widdow Puritanes Ser-
vingmen, Nicholas Saint-Tantlings, Simona Saint-
Mary-Oueries, and Fralitic in black fayre mourning
coates, and Bookes at their Girdles, a comming from
Church. They meeet.

Nich. What Corporall Oth? I am sorry we haue met with you
next our hearts; you are the man that we are forbidden to keepe
company withall, wee must not sware I can tell you, and you
haue the name for swearing.

Saint, Corporall Oth, I would you would do so much as for-
sake vs sir, we cannot abide you, wee must nos be scene in your
company.

Fralitic.

THE PURITAIN WIDOW.

Fraile. There is none of vs I can tell you, but shall be soundly whipt for swearing.

Corp. Why how now? we three? Puritanicall Scrape-shoes, Fleigh-a good Fridayes? a hand.

All. Oh.

Corp. Why Nicholas Saint-Tantlings, Simon Saint Mary Oueries, ha's the De'le possest you, that you sweare no better, you halfe-Chritned Katomites, you vngod-motherd Varlets, do's the first lesson teach you to bee proud, and the second to bee Cockf-combes; proud Cockf-combes? not once to doe dutie to a man of Marke.

Fraile. A man of Marke, quatha, I doe not thinke he can shew a Beggers Noble.

Corp. A Corporall, a Commander, one of spirit, that is able to blowe you vp all drye with your Bookes at your Girdles.

Simon. Wee are not taught to beleue that sir, for we know the breath of man is weake? *Corporall breaths upon Fraile.*

Fraile. Soh, you lie *Nicholas*; for here's one strong enough; blowe vs vp quatha, hee may well blow me aboue twelue-score off an him? I warrant if the winde stood right, a man might finell him from the top of Newgate, to the Leades of Ludgates.

Corp. Sirrah, thou Hollow-Booke of Waxe-candle.

Nicho. I, you may say what you will, so you sweare not.

Corp. I sweate by the —

Nicho. Hold, hold, good Corporall Oth; for if you sweare once, wee shall all fall downe in a sowne presently.

Corp. I must and will sweare: you quiering Cockf-combes, my Captaine is imprisioned, and by *Untcans* Lether Cod-piece point —

Nich. O *Simon*, what an oth was there.

Fraile. If hee should chance to breake it, the poore mans Breeches would fall downe about his heeles, for *Venus* allowes him but one point to his hose?

Corp. With these my Bullye-Feete, I will thumpe ope the Prison doores, and braine the Keeper with the begging Boxe, but Ile set my honest sweete Captaine *Idle* at libertie.

THE PVRIT AINE WIDDOW.

Nich. How, Captaine Ydle, my olde Aunts sonne, my deere
Kinsman in Capadochio.

Cer. I, thou Church-peeling, thou Holy-paring, religious outside
thou? if thou hadst any grace in thee, thou wouldest visit
him, releue him, I weare to get him out?

Nicho. Assure you Corporall indeed ia, tis the first time I
heard on't,

Cer. Why do't now then, Marmaset? bring forth thy yearly-
wages, let not a Commander perish!

Simon. But, if hee bee one of the wicked, hee shalld per-
ishi.

Nich. Well Corporall, Ile e'en along with you, to visit my
Kinsman, if I can do him any good, I will, -- but I haue nothing
for him, Simon Saint Mary Oueris and Frayly, pray make a lie
for me to the Knight my Maister, old Sir Godfrey.

Cer. A lie? may you lie then?

Fray. O I, we may lie, but me must not sweare.

Sim. True, wee may lie with our Neighbors wife, but wee
must not sweare we did so;

Cer. Oh, an excellent Tag of religion?

Nic. Oh Simon, I haue thought vpon a sound excuse, it will
go currant, say that I am gon to a Fast;

Sim. To a Fast, very good?

Nic. I, to a Fast say, with Maister Ful-bellie the Minister.

Sim. Maister Ful-bellie? an honest man: he feedes the flock
well, for he's an excellent feeder? *Exit Corporal, Nicholas.*

Fray. O I, I haue seene him eat vp a whole Pigge, and after-
ward falls to the pettitoes? *Exit Simon and Frayly.*

The Prison, Marshalsea.

*Enter Captaine Ydle at one dore, and old soldier
at the other.*

George Py-boord, speaking within.

Pye. Pray turne the key.

Skr,

THE PVRITAINIAN WIDDOW.

Sker. Turne the key I pray?

Cap. Who should those be, I almost know their voyces?

O my friends?

Entring.

Ye're welcome to a smelling Roome here? you newly tooke
leauue of the ayre, ist not a strange sauour?

Pie. As all prisons haue, smells of sundry wretches;
Who tho departed, leauue their sentts behind 'em,
By Gold Captaine, I am sincerely sory for thee.

Cap. By my troth *George* I thanke thee; but pish, ---what
must be, must bee.

Skr. Captaine, what doe you lie in for? ist great? what's
your offence?

Cap. Faith, my offence is ordinarie, -- common? A Hie-waye,
and I feare me my penaltie will be ordinarie and common too,
a halter.

Pie. Nay prophecy not so ill, it shall go heard
But Ile shifft for thy life.

Cap. Whether I live or die, thou'art an honest *George*? Ile
tell you -- siluer flou'd not with mee, as it had done, (for now
the tide runnes to Bawdes and flatterers) I had a start out, and
by chaunce set vpon a fat steward, thinking his purse had beene
as pursey as his bodie; and the slauc had about him but the
poore purchase of tenne groates: notwithstanding beeing des-
ciryed, pursued, and taken, I know the Law is so grim: in respect
of many desperate-vnsettled souldiours, that I feare mee I shall
daunce after their pipe for't.

Skr. I am twice sory for you *Captaine*: first that your purchase
was so small, and now that your danger is so great.

Cap. Push, the worst is but death, ---ha you a pipe of Tobacco
about you?

Skr. I thinke, I haue there abounts about me!

Cap. blows a pipe.

Cap. Her's a cleane Gentleman too, to receiue?

Pie. Well, I must cast about, some happy slight,
Worke braine, that euer didst thy Maister right?

Cor. Keeper? let the key be turn'd! *Corporall and Nicholas*

Nic. I, I pray Maister keeper gives a cast of your office? *within.*

Cap. How now more Visuants? ---what *Corporall Oth?*

Pie.

THE PURITAIN WIDDOW.

Pie, Skir. Corporal?

Cor. In prison honest Captaine? this must not be?

Nic. How do you Captaine Kinsman?

Cap. Good Cocks-combe? what makes that pure---starch'd
foole here?

Nic. You see Kinsman I am som-what bould to call in, and see
how you do, I heard you were safe inough, and I was very glad
on't that it was no worse;

Cap. This is a double torture now,---this foole by'th booke
Do's vex me more then my imprisonment?

What meant you Corporall to hooke him hither?

Cor. Who he? he shall relieue thee, and supply thee,
Ile make him doo't;

Cap. Fie, what vaine breath you spend!
hee supply? Ile sooner expect mercy from a Usurer when my
bond's forfeit, sooner kindnesse from a Lawier when my
mony's spent: nay sooner charity from the deuill, then good
from a Puritaine? Ile looke for releife from him, when Lucifer
is restor'd to his bloud, and in Heauen againe!

Nic. I warrant my Kinsman's talking of me, for my left eare
burnes most tyrannically?

Pie. Captaine Idle? what's he there? hee lookest like a Mon-
key vpward; and a Crane downe-ward.

Cap. Pshaw; a foolish Cozen of mine; I must thanke God for
him.

Pie. Why the better subiect to worke a scape vpon; thou shalt
e'en change clothes with him, and leaue him here, and so;

Cap. Push, I publish't him e'en now to my Corporall, hee will
be damn'd, ere hee doe me so much good; why I know a more
proper, a more handsome deuice then that, if the flauue would be
sociable---now goodman Fleere-face?

Nic. Oh, my Cozen begins to speake to me now, I shall bee
acquainted with him againe I hope,

Skirmish. Looke what ridiculous Raptures take hold of his
winckles.

Pie. Then what say you to this deuice, a happy one Captaine?

Cap. Speake louye George; Prison Rattes haue vwyder cares
then those in Malt-lofts,

Nicb.

THE PURITAIN WIDOW.

Nic. Cozen, if it lay in my power, as they say?—to—do;

Cap. Twould do me an exceeding pleasure indeed that, but
nere talke forder on't, the foole will be hang'd, ere he do't.

Cor. Pax, Ile thump 'em to't.

Pie. Why doe but trie the Fopster, and breake it to him
bluntly.

Cap. And so my disgrace will dwell in his lawes, and the
slauie flauer out our purpose to his Maister, for would I were but
as sure on't as I am sure he will deny to do't.

Nic. I would bee heartily glad Cozen, if any of my friend-
ships, as they say, might stand, ah,

Pie. Why, you see he offers his friend-ship foolishly to you al-
readie?

Captain. I, that's the hell on't, I would hee would offer it
wisely?

Nich. Verily, and indeed la, Couzen?—

Cap. I haue tooke note of thy fleeres a good while, if thou art
minded to do mee good? as thou gapst vpon me comfortably,
and giu'st me charitable faces? which indeede is but a fashion
in you all that are Puritaines? wilt soone at night steale me thy
Maisters chaine?

Nich. Oh, I shall sownel

Pie. Corporal, he starts already!

Cap. I know it to be worth three hundred Crownes, & with
the halfe of that, I can buy my life at a Brokers, at second hand,
which now lies in pawn to't Lawe, if this thou refuse to do,
being easie and nothing dangerous, i'g that thou art held in
good opinion of thy Maister, why tis a palpable Argumēnt
thou holdst my life at no price, and these thy broken & vnioyned
offers, are but only created in thy lip, now borne, and now
buried, foolish breach onlie? what; woul't do't? shall I looke
for happiness in thy answerē?

Nic. Steale my Maisters chaine quo'the? no, it shal nere bee
sayd, that *Nicholas Saint Tantlings* committed Bird-lime!

Cap. Nay, Itold you as much; did I not; tho he be a Puritaine
yet he will be a true man?

Nich. Why Couzen? you know tis written, thou shalt not
steale?

C

Cap:

THE PVRITAIN WIDDOW.

Cap. Why, and foole, thou shalt loue thy Neighbour, and helpe him in extremities?

Nich. Mass I thinke it bee indeede, in what Chapter's that Couzen?

Cap. Why in the first of Charity, the 2. verſe.

Nich. The fift of Charity, qua tha, that's a good ieff, there's no ſuch Chapter in my booke!

Cap. No, I knew twas torne out of thy Booke, & that makes ſo little in thy heart.

Pie. Come, let me tell you, ya're too vnkinde a Kinsman yfaith; the Captaine louing you ſo deereley, I, like the Pomwater of his eye, and you to be lo vncomfortable, fie, fie.

Nic. Pray do not wiſh me to bee hangd, any thing elſe that I can do, had it beeene to rob, I would ha don't but I muſt not ſteale, that's the word the literall, thou ſhalt not ſteale: and would you wiſh me to ſteale then?

Pie. No faith, that we're to much, to ſpeakē truthe: why woulſt thou nim it from him.

Nich. That I will?

Pie. Why ynough bullie; hee ſhall bee content with that, or hee ſhall ha none; let mee alone with him now! Captaine, i ha dealt with your Kins-man in a Corner; a good—kinde---nat-turde fellow, mee thinkes: goe too, you ſhall not haue all your owne asking, you ſhall bare ſome what on t, he is not contented abſolutely as you would ſay to ſteale the chaſne from him, -- but to do you a pleasure, he will nim it from him.

Nich. I, that I will; Couzen.

Cap. Well ſeeing he will doe no more, as far as I ſee I muſt bee contented with that.

Cor. Here's no notable gallery?

Pie. Nay Ile come neerer to you Gentleman? because weeſe haue onely but a helpe and a mirth en't, the knight ſhall not loſe his chaſne neither, but be only laide out of the way ſome one or two gaies?

Nich. I, that would be good indeed? Kinsman?

Pie. For I haue a faider ieach to profit vs better by the miſſing on't enlie, then if wee had it ouer-right, as my diſcouſe ſhall make it knowne to you? — when thou haſt the chaſne, do but conuay

THE PVRITAIN WIDDOW.

conuay it out at back-dore into the Garden , and there hang it close in the Rosemary banck, but for a small season ; and by that barresesse deuise , I know how to winde Captaine Ydle , out of prison , the Knight thy Maister shall get his pardon and release him , & he satisfie thy Maister with his own chaine & wondrous thankes on both hands .

Nich. That were rare indeed la: pray let me know how ?

Pie. Nay tis very necessaiy thou shouldest know , because thou must be imployde as an Actor ?

Nich. An Actor ? O no, that's a Plaier ? and our Parson railles agaist Plaiers mightily I can tell you , because they broughte him drunck vpp'oth Stage once , ---as hee will bee horribly druncke .

Cor. Massle I cannot blame him then, poore Church-spout ?

Pie. Why as an Intermedler then ?

Nich. I that,that .

Pie. Gue me Audience then ? when the old Knight thy Maister has radge his fill for the losse of the chaine , tell him thou hast a Kinsman in prison , of such exquisit Art , that the diuell himselfe is french Lackey to him , and runnes bare-headed by his horse -- bellic (when hee has one) whome hee will cause with most Trysb Dexterity to fetch his chaine, tho twere hid vnder a mine of sea-cole , and nere make Spade or Pickaxe his instruments ; tell him but this with farder instructions thou shalt receiue from mee , and thou shouſt thy ſelfe a Kinsman indeed .

Cor. A dainty Bullic .

Skr. An honest--Booke-keeper .

Cap. And my three times thrice hunnic Couzen .

Nich. Nay grace of God Ille robbe him on't suddainlie ? and hang it in the Rosemary banck , but I beare that minde Couzen I would not steale any thing mee thinkes for mine owne Father .

Skr. He beares a good minde in that Captaine !

Pie. Why well sayde , he begins to be an honest fellow faith .

Cor. In t oth he does .

Nich. You ſee Couzen , I am willing to do you any kindneſſe , alwaies ſauing my ſelfe harmelesſe ?

Exit Nicholas.

C 2

Cap.

THE PVRITAYNE WIDDOW.

Captaine. Why I thanke thee, fare thee well, I shall re-quite it.
Exit Nich.

Cor. Twill bee good for thee Captaine, that thou hast such an egregious Asse to thy Coozen.

Cap. I, is hee not a fine foole Corporall?
But *George* thou talkst of Art and Coniuring,
How shal that bee?

Peb. Puh, bee't not in your care,
Leauie that to me and my directions;
Well Captaine doubt not thy deliuerie now,
E'en with the vantage man,to gaine by prison,
As my thoughts prompt me : hold on braine and plot,
I ayme at many cunning far euent,
All which I doubt not but to hit at length,
Ile to the Widdow with a quaint assault,
Captaine be merry.

Capt. Who I? Kerrie merry Buffe-Ierkin?
Pye. Oh, I am happy in more slights, and one will knit strong
in another --- Corporall Oth?

Corp. Hoh Bully?

Pye. And thou old Peter Skirmish, I haue a ncceffary taske
for you both.

Skir. Lay't vpon *George Pye-hoord*.

Corp. What ere it bee, weele manage it.

Pye. I would haue you two maintaine a quarrell before the
Lady Widdowes doore, and drawe your swords i'th edge of the
Euening ; clash a little, clash, clash.

Corp. Fuh.

Let vs alone to make our Blades ring noone,
Tho it be after Supper.

Pye. Know you can ;
And out of that false fire, I doubt not but to raise strange be-
leefe---and Captaine to countenance my deuice the better, and
grace my words to the Widdow, I haue a good plaine Sattin
suite, that I had of a yong Reuellier t'other night, for words passe
not regarded now a dayes vnlesse they come from a good suite
of cloaths, which the Fates and my wittes haue bestowed vpon
me. Well Captaine Idle, if I did not highly loue thee, I would
nere

THE PVRITIANE WIDDOW.

nere bee scene within twelve score of a prison , for I protest at this instant,I walke in great danger of small debts ; I owe money to feuerall Hostisles , and you know such lills will quickly be vpon a mans lack.

Capt. True George?

Pye. Fare thee well Captaine. Come Corporall and Ancient ? thou shalt heare more newes next time we greetee thee ?

Corp. More newes ? I ; by yon Beare at Bridge-Foote in heauen shalt thou.

Exeunt.

Capt. Inough : my friends farewell,
This prison shewes as if Ghosts did part in Hell.

Enter Molly youngest Daughter to the Widdow :
alone.

Moll. Not Marry : forswaire Marriage? why all women know'tis as honorable a thing as to lye with a man ; and I to spight my Sisters vowe the more , haue entertainde a suter already,a fine gallant Knight of the last Fether ,hee sayes he will Coach mee too , and well appoint mee ,allow mee money to Dice with-all, and many such pleasing protestations hee sticks vpon my lips ; indeed his short-winded Father ith' Countrie is wondrous wealthy,a most abominable Farmer, and therefore bee may doote in time : troth Ile venture vpon him ; women are not without wayes enow to helpe them-selues, if he proue wise and good as his word, why I shall loue him , and vse him kindly:and if hee proue an Asse, why in a quarter of an hours warning I can transforme him into an Oxe ; ----there comes in my Reliefe agen.

Enter Fralitie.

Fral. O Mistresse Moll,Mistresse Moll.

Moll. How now ? what's the newes ?

Fral. The Knight your suter,sir John Penny-Dub.

Moll. Sir John Penny-Dub ? where ? where ?

Fral. Hee's walking in the Gallerie,

Moll. Ha's my Mother scene him yet.

Fral. O no,shee's — spitting in the Kitchin,

THE PVRITAIN WIDDOW.

Moll. Direct him hether softly, good Fraltrie,
He meete him halfe way.

Fral. That's iust like running a Tilt; but I hope heele breake
nothing this time.

Enter Sir John Penny-Dub.

Moll. 'Tis happinesse my Mother saw him not:
O we'come good Sir *John*.

Penny-dub. I thanke you faith, ---Nay you must stand inee,
till I kisse you: 'tis the fashion euery where I-faith, and I came
from Court enow?

Moll. Nay the Fates forsend that I should anger the fashion?

Penny. Then not forgetting the sweete of new ceremonies,
I first fall back, then recovering my selfe; make my honour to
your lip thus: and then accost it,

Moll. Trust me, very pritty, and mouing, y'are worthy on't sir, ---
O my Mother, my Mother, now shee's here, *Kissing: En: Wid-*
Weele steale into the Gallerie. Exeunt. *dow & Sir Godfr.*

Sir Godf. Nay Sister, let Reason rule you, doe not play the
foole, stand not in your owne light, you haue wealthy offers,
large tendrings, doe not with-stand your good fortune: who
comes a wooing to you I pray? no small foole, a rich Knight at
City, Sir *Oliver Muck-hill*, no small foole I can tell you: and
furthermore as I heard late by your Maide-servants, (as your
Maide-servants will say to inee any thing I thanke'em) both
your Daughters are not without Suters, I, and worthy ones
too? one a Briske Courtier, Sir *Andrew Tip-staffe*; suter a
farre off to your eldest Daughter, and the third a huge-wel-
thie Farmers sonne, a fine young Countrie Knight, they call
him Sir *John Penny-Dab*, a good name marry, hee may haue
it coynde when hee lackes money: what blessings are these
Sister?

Wid. Tempt me not Satan.

Sir Godf. Satan? doe I looke like Satan? I hope the Deuill's
not so old as I, I tro.

Wid. You wound my fences Brother, when you name,
A suter to me, --oh I cannot abide it,
I take in poison, when I heare one nam'd, *Enter Simon.*
How now Simon? where's my sonne Edmund?

Simon.

THE PVRITAIN WIDDOW.

Sim. Verily Madame, hee is at vaine Exercise, dripping in
the Tennis-court.

Wid. At Tennis-court? oh, now his father's gon, I shall haue
no rule with him; oh wicked *Edmond*, I might well compare
this with the Prophecie in the Chronicle, tho farre inferior, as
Harry of Monmouth woone all, and *Harry of Windsor* lost all, so
Edmund of Bristow that was the Father, got all, and *Edmond of*
London that's his sonne now, will spend all?

Sir Godf. Peace Sister, weele haue hem reformd, there's hope
on him yet, tho it be but a little.

Enter Frailtie,

Frail. Forsooth Madam? there are two or three Archers at
doore, would very gladly speake with your Ladyship.

Wid. Archers?

Sir Godf. Your husbands Fletcher I warrant.

Wid. Oh,

Let them come neere, they bring honie things of his,
Troth I should ha forgot 'em, how now?
Villaine, which be those Archers?

*Enter the suters Sir Andrew Tiplaffe, Sir Oliver
Muck-hill, and Penny-aub.*

Frail. Why do you not see 'em before you, are not these Ar-
chers, what do you call 'em Shooters; Shooters and Archers are
all one I hope.

Wid. Out ignorant slau.

Muck. Nay pray be patient Lady,
We come in way of honorable loue.

Tipl. Penny. Wee doe.

Muck. To you.

Tipl. Penny. And to your Daughters?

Widow. O why will you offer ince this Gentlemen? indeed
I will not looke vpon you; when the Teares are scarce out of
mine Eyes; not yet washt off from my Checkes, and my
deere husbands body scarce so colde as the Coffin, what rea-
son haue you to offer it? I am not like some of your Wid-
dowes that will burie one in the Evening, and bee sure to ano-
ther ere morning rypay away, pray, take your answeres good

Knights,

THE PVRITAIN E WIDDOW.

Knights, and you bee sweete Knights , I haue vow'd never to marry; -- and so haue my daughters too !

Penny. It wo of you haue, but the thrids a good wench!

Muck. Lady, a shrewde answere marry ; the best is , tis but the first, and hee's a blunt wooer, that will leave for one sharpe answere.

Tip. Where bee your daughters Lady , I hope theile giue vs better encouragements?

Wid. Indeed theyle answere you so, tak't a my word theile giue you the very same answere *Verbatim* truely la;

Penny. Mum: *Moll*'s a good wench still , I know what shce'll doe?

Muck. Well, Lady, for this time weele take our leaues , hoping for better comfort.

Wid. O neuer , neuer? and I liue these thousand yeares ; and you bee good Knights doe not hope ; twill bee all Vaine, Vayne,---- looke you, put off all yours suites , and you come to me againe.

Fray. Put off all their suites, qua tha? I, that's the best wooing of a Widdow indeed , when a man's Nonsuted , that is , when he's a bed with her.

Going out, Muckhill and Sir Godfrey.

Muck. Sir Godfrey ? here's twenty Angells more worke hard for me ; there's life int yet, *Exit Muckhill.*

Sir Godf. Feare not Sir Oliner Muckhill, Ile stick close for you, leauue all with me.

Enter George Py-boord, the scoller.

Pye. By your leauue Ladie Widdow.

Wid. What another suiter now?

Py. A suiter 'no I protest Ladie ? if you'de giue me your selfe Ide not be troubled with you.

Wid. Say you so Sir, then you're the better welcome sir.

Pie. Nay Heauen blesse mee from a Widdow , vnlesse I were sure to bury her speedily!

Wid. Good bluntnesse: well your busynesse sir?

Pie. Very needfull ; if you were in priuate once?

Wid. Needfull ? brother pray leauue vs ; and you sir?

Fray. I shoule laugh now , if this blunt fellow should put 'em all

THE PVRITAIN WIDDOW.

all by side the stirrop, and vault into the saddle himselfe, I haue
seene as mad a trick.

Exit Frailtie.

Enter Daughters.

Wid. Now Sir? —here's none but we—Daughters forbeare.

Pyb. O no, pray let 'em stay, for what I haue to speake importeth
equally to them as to you?

Wid. Then you may stay.

Pyb. I pray bestow on me a serious eare,
For what I speake is full of weight and feare?

Wid. Feare?

Pyb. I lift pasle vnguarded, and vneglected,
Else peace and ioy : ---I pray Attention?

Widdowe? I haue beeene a meere stranger for these parts that
you liue in, nor did I euer know the Husband of you, and Fa-
ther of them, but I truly know by certaine spirituall Intelli-
gence, that he is in Purgatorie?

Wid. Purgatorie? tuh ; that word deserues to bee spit vpon ;
I wonder that a man of sober toungh as you seeme to be, should
haue the folly to beleeeue there's such a place.

Pyb. Well Lady, in cold bloud I speake it, I assure you that
there is a Purgatory, in which place I know your husband to
recide, and wherein he is like to remaine, till the dissolution of
the world, till the last generall Bon-fire: when all the earth shall
melt into nothing. And the Seas scalde their finnie labourers :
so long is his abidance, vnesse you alter the propertie of your
purpose, together with each of your Daughters theirs, that is,
the purpose of singel life in your selfe and your eldet Daugh-
ter, and the speedie determination of marriage in your
youngest.

Moll. How knowes hee that, what, h'as some Deuill told
him?

Wid. Strange he should know our thoughts : —————
Why but Daughter haue you purpos'd speedy Marriage?

Pyb. You see she tells you I, for shee sayes nothing.
Nay giue me credit as you please, I am a stranger to you, and
and yet you see I know your determinations, which must come
to mee Metaphysically, and by a super-naturall intelligence.

D

Wid.

THE PURITAIN WIDDOW.

VVid. This puts Amazement on me?

Franck. Know our seacrets,

Mol. Ide thought to steale a marriage, would his tongue
Had dropt out when he blabt it,

VVid. But sir, my husband, was too honest a dealing man to
be now in any purgatorics---

Pie. O Do not loade your conscience with vncruths,
Tis but meere folly now to guild hem ore:
That has past but for Copper; Praises here,
Cannot vnbinde him there? confesseth but truth,
I know he got his wealth with a hard gripe:
Oh hardly, hardly?

Wid. This is most strange of all, how knowes he that?

Pie. He would eate fooles and ignorant heires cleane vp;
And had his drinck, from many a pooremans browe,
E'en as their labour brewde it?
He would scrape ritches to him most vniustly;
The very durt betweene his nailes was Il-got:
And not his owne,---oh
I groane to speake on't, the thought makes me shudder? ---
shudder?

VVid. It quakes me too, now I thinke on't --- sir, I am much
grieu'd, that you a stranger should so deeply wrong my dead
husband!

Pie. Oh?

VVid. A man that would keepe Church so duly; rise early, be-
fore his seruants, and e'en for Religious hast, go vngarterd, vn-
buttend; nay sir Reuerence vntrust, to Morning Prayer?

Pie. Oh vff;

VVid. Dine quickly vpon hie-dayes, and when I had great
guesse, would e'en shame me and rize from the Table, to get a
good seate at an after-noone Sermon?

Pie. There's the diuell, there's the diuell, true, hee thought it
Sanctity ynough, if he had kild a man, so tad beene done in a
Pue, or vndon his Neighbour, so ta'd beene neare ynough to'th
Preacher, Oh; --- a Sermon's a fynge short cloake of an houre
long, and wil hide the vpper-part of a dissensbler, - Church, I,
he seem'd al Church, & his coſcience was as hard as the Pulpit!

VVid.

THE PVRITAINNE WIDDOW.

Wid. I can no more endure this.

Pie, Nor I widdow

Endure to flatter.

Wid. Is this all your busynesse with me ?

Pie, No, Lady, tis but the induction too te,

You may beleive my straines, I strike all true?

And if your conscience would leap vp to your tongue, your selfe
would affume it, and that you shall perceiue I knowe of things
to come; as well as I doe of what is present, a Brother of your
husbands shall shortly haue a losse !

Wid. A losse, marry heauen for-fend, *Sir Godfrey*, my brother!

Pie. Nay keepe in your wonders, till I haue told you the for-
tunes of you all; which are more fearefull, if not happily pre-
vented---for your part & your daughters, if there be not once
this day some bloud-shed before your dore, wheerof the hu-
maine creature dies? two of you the elder shall run mad?

Mother and Franck. Oh.

Mol. That's not I yet!

Pie. And with most impudent prostitution shew your na-
ked bodies to the view of all beholders!

Wid. Our naked bodies? fie for shame!

Pie. Attend mee: and your yonger daughter bee strocken
dumbe?

Mol. Dumbe? out alas: tis the worst paine of all for a Wo-
man, Ide rather bee madde, or runne naked, or any thing:
dumbe?

Pie. Giue eare? ere the euening fall vpon Hill Bogge, and
Meadow, this my speech shal haue past probation, and then shal
I be belieued accordingly.

Widdow. If this bee true, wee are all sham'de, all vn-
don?

Mol. Dumbe? Ile speake as much as euer I can possible be-
fore euening?

Pie. But if it so come to passe (as for your faire sakes I wif
it may) that this presage of your strange fortues be prouert by
that accident of death & bloud-shedding which I before told you
off: take heed vpō your liues; that two of you which haue vow'd
never to marry, seeke you out husbands with all present speede

THE PVRITAIN WIDDOW.

and you the third that haue such a desire to out-strip chastitie,
looke you meddle not with a husband.

Moll. A double torment.

Pyb. The breach of this keepes your father in Purgatorie,
and the punishments that shall follow you in this world, would
with horror kill the Eare should heare 'em related.

Wid. Marry? why I vowed neuer to marry.

Franke. And so did I.

Moll. And I vowed neuer to be such an Asse, but to marry.
what a croffe Fortune's this?

Pyb. Ladies, tho I bee a Fortune-teller, I cannot better For-
tunes, you haue 'em frō me as they arc reueald to me: I would
they were to your tempers, and fellowes with your blouds,
that's all the bitternesse I would you.

Widdow. Oh 'tis a iust vengeance, for my husbands hard pur-
chases.

Pyb. I wish you to be-thinke your selues, and leaue m .

Wid. Ile to Sir Godfrey my Brother, and acquaint him with
these featefull presages.

Franck. For Mother they portend losses to him.

Wid. Oh I, they doe, they doe,
If any happy issue crowne thy words,
I will reward thy cunning.

Pyb. 'Tis enoagh Lady,
I wish no higher. *Exit.*

Mol. Dumbe, and not marry, worse,
Neither to speake, nor kisse, a double curse? *Exit.*

Pyb. So all this comes well about yet, I play the Fortunē-
teller, as well as if I had had a Witch to my Grannam: for by
good happinesse, being in my Hostisses Garden, which neigh-
bours the Orchard of the Widdow, I laid the hole of mine eare
to a hole in the wall, and heard 'em make these vowes, & speake
those words vpon which I wrought these aduantages; and to
encourage my forgerie the more, I may now perceiue in 'em a
naturall simplicitie which will easily swallow an abuse, if any co-
uering be ouer it: and to confirme my former presage to the
Widdow, I haue aduizde old Peter Skirmish the Souldier, to hurt
Corporall Oth vpon the Leg, and in that hurry Ile rush amonst
'em,

THE PVRITAINE WIDDOW.

'em, and instead of giving the Corporal some Cordiall to comfort him, Ile power into his mouth a potion of a sleepy Nature, to make him seeme as dead; for the which the old souldier being apprehended, and ready to bee borne to execution, Ile step in, & take vpon me the cure of the dead man, vpon paine of dyng the condemneds death: the Corporall will wake at his minute, when the sleepy force has wrought it selfe, and so shall I get my selfe into a most admired opinion, and vnder the pretext of that cunning, beguile as I see occasion: and if that foolish Nicholas Saint Tantlings keepe true time with the chaine, my plot wil be found; the Captaine deliuered, and my wits applauded among schollers and souldiers for euer. *Exit Py-boord.*

Enter Nicholas Saint Tantlings with the chaine.

Nic. Oh I haue foud an excellent aduantage to take a way the chaine, my Maister put it off e'en now to say on a new Doublet, and I sneak't it away by little & little most Puritanically! wee shal haue good sport a non when ha's mist it, about my Cozen the Coniurer, the world shall see I'me an honest man of my word for now I'me going to hang it betweene Heauen & Earth among the Rosemary branches. *Exit Nic.*

Actus 3.

Enter Simon Saint Mary-Oueries and Frailty.

Frai. Sirrah Simon Saint Mary-Oueries? my Mistris sends a-way all her suiteres and puts fleas in their eares?

Sim. Frailty? she do's like an honest, chaste, and vertuous womā? for widdowes ought not to wallow in the puddle of iniquity.

Fra. Yet Simon, many widdowes wil do't, what so comes on't,

Sim. True Frailty, their filthy flesh desires a Coniunction Copulatiue, what strangers are within, Frailty?

Frai. Ther's none Simon? but Maister Pilfer the Tailer: he's aboue with Sir Godfreie praysing of a Doublet: and I must trudge anon to fetch Maister Suds the Barber!

Simon. Maister Suds, a good man, he washes the sinns of the Beard cleane.

Skir. How now creatures? whats a clock?

Enter old Skirmish the soulders.

Frai. Why do you take vs to be Iacke at'h Clock-house?

THE PVRITAINE WIDDOW.

Skr. I say agen to you what's a clocke?

Sim. Truly la, wee goe by the clocke of our conscience, all worldly Clockes we know goe false, and are set by drunkeu Sextons.

Skr. Then what's a clock in your conscience? --- oh, I must breake off, here comes the corporall --- hum, hum! --- what's a clock? *Enter Corporall.*

Corp. A clock? why past seuenteene.

Frail. Past seuenteene? may ha's met with his match now, Corporall *Oth* will fit him.

Skr. Thou doost not bawke or baffle me, doost thou? I am a Souldier --- past seuenteene.

Corp. I, thou art not angry with the figures art thou? I will prooue it vnto thee, 1 2, and 1. Is thirteene I hope, 2, fourteene, 3, fiftene, 4, sixtene, and 5, seauenteene, then past seauenteene, I will take the Dyals part in a iust cause.

Skr. I say 'tis but past ffe then.

Corp. Ile sweare 'tis past seauenteene then! doost thou not know numbers, canst thou not cast?

Skr. Cast? dost thou speake of my casting ith' street? *Draw.*

Corp. I, and in the Market place.

Sim. Clubs, clubs, clubs. *Simon runs in.*

Frail. I, I knew by their shuffling Clubs would be Trumpe; masse here's the Knaue, and hee can doe any good vpon 'em: Clubs, clubs, clubs?

Enter Py-boord.

Cap. O villaine, thou hast opend a vaine in my leg.

Pyb. How now, for shame, for shame, put vp, put vp.

Cap. By yon blew Welkin, 'twas out of my part George to bee hurt on the leg. *Enter Officers.*

Pyb. Oh peace now --- I haue a Cordiall here to comfort thee.

Offi. Downe with 'em, downe with em, lay hands vpon the

Skr. Lay hands on me? (villain).

Pyb. Ile not be scene among em now.

Cap. Ime hurt, and had more need haue Surgeons,

Lay hands vpon me then rough Officers.

Offi. Goe carry him to be drest then:

This mutinous Souldier shall along with me to prison.

Skr.

THE PURITAN WIDDOW.

Skr. To prison, where's George.

Off. Away with him.

Exeunt with Skir.

Pyb. So,

All lights as I would wish, the amazd widdow,
Will plant me strongly now in her beleefe,
And wonder at the vertue of my words :
For the event turnes those presages from em
Of being mad and dumbe, and begets ioy
Mingled with admiration : these emptie creatures,
Souldier and Corporall were but ordaind,
As instruments for me to worke vpon,
Now to my patient, here's his potion.

Exit Pyboord.

Enter the Widdow with her two Daughters.

Wid. O wondrous happiness, beyond our thoughts ;
O luckie faire event, I thinke our fortunes,
Were blest een in our Cradles: we are acquitted
Of all those shamefull violent presages,
By this rash bleeding chance ; goe *Frailtie* run, and know,
Whether he be yet liuing, or yet dead,
That here before my doore receiu'd his hurt.

Frail. Madam, hee was carryed to the superiour, but if he had
no money when hee came there, I warrant hee's dead by this
time. *Exit Frailtie.*

Franck. Sure that man is a rare fortune-teller, neuer lookt
vpon our hands, nor vpon any marke about vs, a wondrous fel-
low surelie,

Moll. I am glad, I haue the vse of my tongue yet : tho of no-
thing else, I shall finde the way to marry too, I hope shortly.

Wid. O where's my Brother sir *Godfrey*, I would hee were
here, that I might relate to him how prophetically, the cunning
Gentleman spoke in all things.

Enter Sir Godfrey in a rage.

Sir Godf. O my Chaine, my Chaine, I haue lost my Chaine,
where be these Villains, Varlets?

Wid. Oh; has lost his Chaine.

Sir Godf. My Chaine, my chaine.

Widdow. Brother bee patient, heare mee speake , you know
I told

THE PVRITAYNE WIDDOW.

Sir Godf. I told you that a cunning man told me, that you should haue a losse, and he has prophicied so true.

Sir Godf. Out he's a villaine, to prophecy of the losse of my chaine, twas worth aboue three hundred Crownes, --- besides twas my Fathers, my fathers fathers, my Grand-fathers huge grand-fathers? I had as liue halst my Neck, as the chaine that hung about it; O my chaine, my chaine.

Wid. Oh brother, who can be against a misfortune, tis happy twas no more.

Sir Godf. No, more! O goodly godly sister, would you had me lost more? my best gowne too, with the cloth of gold-lace? my holiday Gascoines, and my Jerkin set with pearle; no more?

Wid. Oh, Brother! you can reade, ---

Sir Godf. But I cannot reade where my chaine is, --- what strangers haue beeene here? you let in strangers! Theeues, and Catch-poles; how comes it gonne? there was none aboue with mee but my Taylor; and my Taylor will not --- steale I hope?

Mol. No he's afayde of a chaine!

Enter Frayliy.

Wid. How now sirrah, the newes?

Fray. O Mistres, he may well be cald a Corporall now, for his corpes are as dead as a cold Capons?

Wid. More happinesse.

Sir Godf. Sirrah, what's this to my chaine? where's my chaine knaue?

Fray. Your chaine sir?

Sir Godf. My chaine is lost villaine.

Fray. I would hee were hang'd in chaines that has it then for me? Alasse sir, I saw none of your chaine, since you were hung with it your selfe?

Sir Godf. Out varlet? it had full three thousand Lincks,

I haue oft told it ouer at my praiers:

Ouer and ouer, full three thousand Lincks.

Frayl. Had it so sir: sure it cannot be lost then; Ile put you in that comfort.

Sir Godf. Why why?

Frayl. Why if your chaine had so many Lincks, it cannot chuse

THE PVRITIANE WIDW.

chuse but come to light.

Enter Nicholas.

Sir Godf. Delusion? now long *Nicholas* wheres my chaine?

Nich. Why about your Neck, ist not sir.

Sir Godf. About my neck Varlet, My chaine is lost,
Tis stole away, I me rob'd.

Wid. Nay Brother show your selfe a man:

Nic. If it be lost or stole, if he would be patient Mistres I
could bring him to a Cunning Kinsman of mine that would
fetcht againe with a Sesarara.

Sir Godf. Canst thou? I will be patient, say where dwells he?

Nic. Marry he dwels now Sir, where he would not dwell and
he could choole ~~in~~ ^{the} Marshalsea sir; but hee's an exlent fel-
low if he were out, haſt auyld all the world ore, he, and beene
in the seauen and twenty Provinces: why he would make it be
fetcht Sir if twere rid a thousand mile out of towne.

Sir Godf. An admirable fellow what lies he for.

Nic. Why hee did but rob a Steward of ten groats tother
Night, as any man would ha done, and there he lies fort.

Sir Godf. He make his peace, a Trifle, he get his pardon,
Beside a bountifull reward, he about it,
But fee the Clearkes, the Justice will doe much;
I will about it straight, good sir, pardon me,
All will be well I hope, and turne to good,
The name of Coniuror has laid my blood.

Exennt,

Enter two seriants to arrest the Scholer

George Pyeboord.

Put His Hostesses where he lies will trust him no longer, she
has feed me to arrest him; and if you will accompany me, because
I know not of what Nature the Scholler is, whether desperate
or swift, you shall share with me Seriant Rauen-ham, I haue the
good Angell to arrest him.

Rauen. Troth Ile take part with thee then, Sariant, not for
the sake of the mony so much, as for the hate I beare to a Schol-
ler: why Seriant tis Naturall in vs you know to hate Schelers:
naturall besides, they will publish our imperfections, Knaueryes,
and Conuayances vpon Scaffolds and Stages.

E-

I

THE FRITAYNE WIDOW.

Put. I and spightfully to ; troth I haue wounded how the
slaves could see into our brests so much, when our doublers are
butond with Pewter.

Rauen. I and so close without yeelding ; oh their parlous fel-
lo vs , they will search more with their wits then a Cunstable
with all his officers.

Put. Whist,whist,whist, Yeoman Dogson, Yeoman Dogson,
Dog. Ha, what saies Sariant?

Put. Is he in the Pothecaryes shop stil,
Dog. I,I.

Put. Haue an eye,eye.

Rauen. The best is Sariant if he be a true Scholler he weares
no weapon I thinke.

Put. No,no,he weares no weapon,

Rauen. Massle, I am right glad of that : 'tas put me in better
heart ; nay if I clutch him once, let me alone to drage him if he
be stiff-necked ; I haue beeae one of the sixe my selfe, that has
dragd as tall men of their hands , when their weapons haue bin
gone as euer bastinadoed a Sariant---I haue done I can tel you.

Dog. Sariant Putrocke, Sariant Puttocke.

Put. Hoh,

Dog. Hees comming out single.

Put. Peace, peace bee not to greedy , let him play a little let
him play a little , wecle icerke him vp of a sudaine , I ha fist in
my time.

Rauen. I and caught many a foole Seriant,

Entet Pyeboord.

Pye. I parted now from Nicholas:the chaynes couchit,
And the old Knight has spent his rage vpont,
The widdowe holds me in great Admiracion
For cunning Art : mongst joyes I am 'een lost,
For my deuice can no way now be croft,
And now I must to prison to the captaine, and there-----

Put. I arrest you sir.

Pye. Oh---I spoke truer then I was a ware, I must to prison
indeed.

Put. They say your a scholler,nay sir-- Yeoman Dogson, haue
earse

THE PVRITTAINE WIDDOW.

care to his armes---youle rayle againe Saraiants , and stafe' em:
you,tickle their vices.

Pye. Nay vse me like a Gentleman,I me little leffe.

Pnt. You a Gentleman ? that's a good Ieft ifaith; can a Scholler
be a Gentleman,---when a Gentleman will not be a Scholler;
---looke vpon your welthy Citizencs sonnes, whetlier they
be Schollers or no,that are Gentlemen by their fathers trades:
a Scholler a Gentleman.

Pye. Nay let Fortune drieue all her stings into me , she can-
not hurt that in me , a Gentleman, is *Accidens Insperabile* to
my bloud.

Rasen. A tablement,nay you shall haue a bloudy tablement;
upon you I warrant you.

Pnt. Goe, Yeoman Dogson before , and Enter the Action 'ith
Counter.

Pie. Pray do not hand me Cruelly,Ile goe, *Exet* Dogson.
Whether you please to haue me,

Pnt. Oh hees tame let him loose feriant.

Pie. Pray at whose suite is this?

Pnt. Why at your Hostisles suite where you lie,Misters *Cun-*
nyburrow for bed and boord , the somme foure pound ffeue shil-
lings and ffeue pence.

Pie. I know the somme to true,yet I presunnde,
Vpon a farder daie; well tis my starres:
And I must beare it now,tho neuer harder.
I sweare now,my deuice is croft indeed,
Captaine must liefbite: this is Deceytes seed.

Pnt. Come,come away.

Pye. Pray giue me so much time as to knit my garter , and
Ile a way with you.

Pnt. Well we must be paid for this waiting vpon you, this is
no paynes to attend thus. *Making to tie his garter.*

Pye. I am now wretched, and miserable, I shall neare recouer
of this disease: hot Yron gnaw their fists : they haue strukke
a Feuer into my shoulder , which I shall neare shake out agen I
feare me , till with a true *Habeas Corpus* the Sexton remooue
me , oh if I take prison once I shall bee prest to death with
Actions , but not so happy as speedilie ; perhaps I may bee

THE PVRITAINIAN WIDDOW.

forty yeare a pressing till I be a thin old man, that looking through the grates, men may looke through me; all my meanes is confounded, what shall I doe? has my wit fained me so long, and now giue me the slippe (like a Traynd seruant) when I haue most need of ene: no deuice to keepe my poore carcasse fro these Puttocks? ---yes, happiness, haue I a paper about me now? yes too, lie telle it, it may hit, *Extremity is Touch-stone unto wit*, I, I.
Put. Shoot how many yards are in thy Garters, that thou art so long a tyng on them? come away sir.

Pyb. Troth Seriant I protest, you could never ha tooke me at a worse time, for now at this instant, I haue no lawfull picture about me.

Put. Sled how shall me come by our fees then.

Ran. We must haue fees Sirra.

Pib. I could ha wisht ifaith, that you had tooke me halfe an hower hence for your owne sake, for I protest if you had not crost me, I was going in great ioy to receiue fие pound of a Gentleman, for the Deuice of a Maske here, drawne in this paper but now, come I must be contented, tis but so much lost, and answerable to the rest of my fortunes.

Put. Why how far hence dwells that Gentleman?

Ran. I, well said seriant, tis good to cast about for mony.

Put. Speake, if it be not far—

Pyb. we are but a little past it, the next street behind vs.

Put. Sled we haue waited vpon you grievously already, if youle say youle be liberall when you hate, giue vs double fees, and spend vpon's, why weeble show you that kindnes, and goe along with you to the Gentleman.

Ran. I well said still seriant vrge that,

Pyb. Troth if it will suffice, it shall be 'all among you, for my part ile not pocket a penny, my hostesse shall haue her fourteoun shillings, and bate me the fие pence, and the other fiftene shillings Ile spend vpon you.

Raninsb. Why now thou art a good Scholler.

Put. An excellent Scholler Ifaith; has proceeded very well alate; come, weeble along with you.

Exeunt with him, passing in they knock at the doore with a Knocker with inside.

Servants-

THE PVRITAYNE WIDDOW.

Ser. Who knocks, whose at doore? we had need of a Porter.

Pyb. A few friends here?—pray is the Gentleman your maister within.

Ser. Yes, is your busynesse to him?

Pyb. I, he knows it, when he see's me:
I pray you haue you forgot mee.

Ser. I by my troth sir, Pray come neere, Ile in and tell him of you, please you to walke here in the Gallery till he comes.

Pyb. Wee will attēnd his worship,—worship I thinke, for so much the Posts at his doore should signifie, and the faire comming in, and the wicket, else I neither knew him nor his worship, but 'tis happinesse he is within doores, what so ere he bee, if he be not too much a formall Citizen, hee may doe me good: Scrtiant and Yeoman, how doe you like this house, ist not most wholsomly plotted?

Raven. Troth prisoner, an exceeding fine house.

Pyb. Yet I wonder how hee should forget me, for hee neare knew mee: No matter, what is forgot in you will bee remembred in your Maister.

A pritty comfortable roome this me thinkes:
You haue no such roomes in prison now?

Put. Oh dog-holes toote,

Pyb. Dog-holes indeed—I can tell you I haue great hope to haue my Chamber here shortly, nay and dyet too, for hee's the most free-harted Gentleman where he takes: you would little thinke it? and what a fine Gallery were here for mee to walke and study, and make verses,

Put. O it stands very pleasantly for a Scholler.

Enter Gentleman.

Pyb. Looke what maps, and pictures, and deuices, and things, neatly delicately? masse here he comes, he shoulde be a Gentleman, I like his Beard well; — All happinesse to your worship.

Gentle. You're kindly welcome sir.

Put. A simple salutation.

Raven. Masse it seeines the Gentleman makes great account of him.

Pyb. I haue the thing here for you sir.

THE FVRITAIN WIDDOW.

Pyb. I beseech you conceale me sir, I haue vndone else, ~ I haue the Maske here for you sir, Looke you sir, -- I beseech your worship first to pardon my rudenesse, for my extreames makes mee boulder then I would bee; I am a poore Gentleman and a Scholler, and now most vnfourtunatly falle into the fangs of vnmercifull officers, arrested for debt, which tho small, I am not able to compasse, by reason I haue destitute of lands, money, and friends, so that if I fall into the hungrie swallow of the prison, I am like vtterly to perish, and with fees and extortions be pincht cleane to the bone: Now, if euer pitty had interest in the bloud of a Gentleman, I beseech you vouchsafe but to fauour that meanes of my escape, which I haue already thought vpon.

Gent. Goe forward.

Put. I warrant he likes it rarely.

Pyb. In the plundge of my extremities, being giddy, and doubtfull what to doe; at last it was put into my labouring thoughts, to make happy vse of this paper, and to bleare their vnlettered eyes, I told them there was a Deuice for a Maske drawne int', and that (but for their interception,) I was going to a Gentleman to receiuie my reward for't: they greedy at this word, and hoping to make purchase of me, offered their attendance, to goe along with mee, my hap was to make bolde with your doore Sir, which my thoughts shewde mee the most fairest and comfortablest entrance, and I hope I haue happened right, vpon vnderstanding, and pitty: may it please your good Worship then, but to vphold my Deuice, which is to let one of your men put me out at back-doore, and I shall bee bound to your worship for euer.

Gent. By my troth an excellent deuice.

Puttock. An excellent deuice hee sayes; hee likes it wonderfully.

Gent. A my faith I never heard a better.

Rauenshan. Harke, hee swears hee never heard a better, Sericant.

Put. O there's no talke on't, hees an excellent Scholler, and especially for a Maske.

Gent.

THE PURITAIN WIDDOW.

Gent. Giue me your Paper, your Deuice; I was never better
pleasde in all my life: good witte, braue witte, finely soughe,
come in sir, and receiuе your inoney sir.

Pyb. Ile follow your good Worshipp,---
You heard how he likte it now?

Pur. Puh, we knoy hee could not choose but like it: goe thy
wayes thou art a witty fine fellow ifaith, thou shalt discourse it
to vs at Tauerne anon wilt thou?

Pyb. I, I, that I will,---looke Seriants here are Maps, and prittie
toyes, be dooing in the meane time, I shall quickly haue told
out the money, you know.

Pur. Goe, goe little villaine, fetch thy chinck, I begin to loue
thee, Ile be drunke to night in thy company.

Pyb. This Centlemen I may well call a part
Of my saluation, in these earthly euils,
For hee has sau'd mee from three hungrie Deuils.

Exit George.

Purstock. Sirrah Seriant, these Mappes are prittie painted
things, but I could nere fancie 'em yet, mee thinkes they're
too busie, and full of Circles and Coniurations, they say all the
world's in one of them, but I could nere finde the Counter in
the Poultre.

Rauen. I thiake so: how could you finde it? for you know it
stands behind the houses.

Dogson. Massē that's true, then we must looke ath' back-side
fort; Sfoote here's nothing, all's bare.

Raven. I warrant thee that stands far the Counter, for you
know theres a company of bare fellowes there.

Pur. Faith like enough Seriant? I never markt so much be-
fore? Sirrah Seriant, and Yeoman, I should loue these Maps
out a crye now, if wee could see men peeppe out of doore in
em, oh wee might haue em in a morning to our Breake-fast
so finely, and nere knocke our hecles to the ground a whole
day for em.

Raven. I marry sir, Idē buye one then my selfe,
But this talkē is by the way, where shall's sup to night,
Fine pound recchi'd, let's talke of that,

I haue:

THE PVRITAIN WIDDOW.

I haue a trick worth all, you two shall beare him to'th Tauerne,
whilst I goe close with his Hostisse, and worke out of her; I
know shée would bee glad of the summe to finger money; be-
cause shée knowes tis but a desperat debt, and full of hazard,
what will you say if I bring it to passe that the Hostisse shall
bee contented with one halfe for all; and wee to share tother;
fift-shillings bullies.

Put. Why I would call thee King of *Serians*, and thou shouldest
be Chronicled in the Counter booke for euer.

Ra. Well put it to me, weele make a Night on't yfaith.

Dog. Sfoote I thinke he receiuers more money he staies so long.

Put. Hee tarries long indeed, may be I can tell you vpon the
good liking ont the Gentleman may proue more bountifull.

Ra. That would be rare, weele search him.

Put. Nay be sure of it weele search him! and make him light
ynough.

Enter the Gentlemen.

Ra. Oh here comes the Gentleman; by your leaue sir.

Gen. God you god den sir,--would you speake with me;

Put. No, not with your worship sir, only wee are bould to stay
for a friend of ours that went in with your worship.

Gen. Who? northe scholler?

Put. Yes e'en he and it please your worship?

Gen. Did he make you stay for him? hee did you wrong then
why, I can assure you hees gon aboue an houre agoe.

Ra. How? sir?

Gent. I payd him his money, and my man told me he went out
at back-dore.

Put. Back-dore?

Gen. Why, what's the matter.

Put. He was our prisoner sir, we did arrest him.

Gen. What he was not? you the Sheriffes Officers---you were
to blame then,

Why did you not make knovvne to me as much:

I could haue kept him for you, I protest

He receiude all of me in *Brittaine Gold*

Of the last coyning;

Ra. Vengeance dog him with't.

Put.

Put. Stoote has he guld vs so,

Dog. Where shall wee sup now Sericants?

Put. Sup S:mon now, cate Perridge for a month;

Weil, wee cannot impute it to any lacke of good-will in your Worship,---you did but as another would haue done, twas our hard fortunes to misse the purchase, but if ere wee clutch him againe, the Counter shall charme him.

Rauer. The hole shall totte him.

Dog. Amen. *Exeunt.*

Gent. So,

Vex out your Lungs without doores, I am proud,

It was my hap to helpe him, it fell fit,

He went not emptie neither for his wit :

Alasse poore wretch, I could not blame his braine,

To labou: his deliuerie, to be free,

From their vepitryng fangs---lme glad it stood,

Within my power to doe a Scholler good. *Exit.*

Enter in the Prison, meeting George and Captaine,

George comming in muffled.

Cap. How now, whose that ? what are you ?

Pyb. The same that I shoulde be Captaine.

Capt. George Pye-boord, honest George? why camst thou in
halfe fac'd, muffled so?

Pyb. On Captaine, I thought we shoulde ha laught agen,
neuer spent frolick houre agen.

Capt. Why? why?

Pyb. I comming to prepare thee, and with newes
A shappy as thy quick deliuerie,
Was trac'd out by the sent, arrested Captaine.

Capt. Arrested George.

Pyb. Arrested, gesse, gesse, how many Dogges doe you think
Id e vpon me?

Capt. Dogs, I say? I know not.

Pyb. Almost as many as George Stone the Beare,
Three at once, three at once.

Capt. How diest thou shake 'em of then?

Pyb. The time is busie, and calls vpon our witts, let it suffice,
Here I stand safe, and scapt by miracle,
Some other houre shall tell thee? when wee leste
Our eyes in laughter : Captaine my deuice
Leanes to thy happinesse, for ere the day
Be spent toth' Girdle, thou shalt be set free,
The Corporal's in his first sleepe, the Chaine is mist,
Thy Kintinian has exprest thee, and the old Knight
With Palsey-hams now labours thy release,
What rests, is all in thee, to Coniure Captaine.

Capt. Coniure : Sfoote George you know the devill a coniuring
ring I can coniure.

Pib. The Devill of coniuring, nay by my say, Ide not haue thee
do so much Captaine as the Devill a coniuring : looke here, I
ha brought thee a circle ready characterid and all.

Capt. Sfoote George, art in thy right wittes, doest know what
thou saist? why doost take to a Captaine, a coniuring, didst thou
ever heare of a Captaine coniure in thy life, doost cal't a Circle,
tis too wide a thing my thinkes : had it beeene a lesser Circle,
then I knew what to haue done.

Pib. Why every foole knowes that Captaine : nay then Ile not
cogge with you Captaine, if youle stay and hang the next Sessions you may.

Capt. No by my faith George, come, come, lets to coniuring,
lets to coniuring.

Pib. But if you looke to be releas'd, as my witnes haue tooke
paine to worke it, and all meanes wrought to farther ir, besides
to put crownes in your purse, to make you a man of better hopes,
and where as before you were a Captaine or poore Souldier, to
make you now a Commander of rich fooles, (which is truly the
only best purchase peace can allow you) safer then Hig-wayes,
Heath, or Cunny-groues, and yet a farre better boottie ; for your
greatest theeeues are neuer hangd, neuer hangd, for why they're
wise, and cheate within doores, and wee geld fooles of more
money in one night, then your false tailde Gelding will pur-
chase in a twelue-moneths running, which confirmes the olde
Beldams saying, hee's wisest, that keepes himselfe warmest, that
is, hee that iobs by a good fire.

Capt.

THE PURITAYNE WIDOW.

Capt. Well opened yfaith *George*, thou hast puld that saying
out of the huske.

Pib. Captaine *Id/e*, tis no time now to delude or delay, the old
Knight will be here suddenly, Ile perfe&t you, direct you, till you
the trick on't: tis nothing.

Capt. Sfoote *George*, I know not what to say toot, coniure? I
shall be hangd ere I coniure.

Pyb. Nay tell not me of that Captaine, youle nere coniure after
your hangd, I warrant you looke you sir, a parious matter? sure,
first to spred your circle vpon the ground, then with a little con-
iuring ceremonie, as Ile haue an Hackney-mans wand siluerd ore
a purpose for you, then arriuing in the circle, with a huge word,
and a great cramp, as for instance: haue you never seene a stal-
king-stamping Player, that will taife a tempest with his toung,
and thunder with his heeles?

Cap. O yes, yes, yes: often, often.

Pyb. Why be like such a one, for any thing will blearne the old
Knights eyes, for you must note that heele nere dare to venture
into the roome, onely perhaps peepe fearefully through the Key
hole, to see how the Play goes forward.

Capt. Well I may goe about it when I will, but marke the end
ont, I shall but shame my selfe ifaith *George*, speake big words,
and stampe and stare, and he looke in at Key-hole, why the very
thought of that would make me laugh out-right, and spoile all,
nay Ile tell thee *George*, when I apprehend a thing once, I am of
such a laxatiue laughter, that if the Deuill him-selfe stood by, I
should laugh in his face.

Pyb. Puh, that's but thei babe of a man, and may easily bee
husht, as to thinke vpon some disaster, some sad misfortune, as
the death of thy Father iithe Country!

Cap. Sfoote that would be the more to drive me into such an
extasie, that I should nere lin laughing.

Pib. Why then thinke vpon going to hanging else.

Cap. Massle that's well remembred, now ile do well I warrant
thee, nere feare me now: but how shall I do *George* for boyfie-
tous words, and horrible names.

Pyb. Puh, any fustian inuocations Captaine will scrue as well
as the best, so you rant them out well, or you may goe to a Po-
thecaries shop, and take all the words from the Boxes.

Capt. Troth and you say true *George*, there's strange words
enow to raise a hundred Quack-saluers; tho they be nere so
poore when they begin? but here lyes the feare on't, how in
this false coniuration, a true Deuill should pop vp indeed.

Pyb. A true Deuill, Captaine, why there was nere such a one,
nay faith hee that has this place, is as false a Knaue as our last
Church-warden.

Capt. Then hees false i though a conscience ifaith *George*.

The Crie at Marshalsea.

Crie prisoners. Good Gentlemen ouer the way, send your
reliefe,

Good Gentlemen ouer the way,—Good sir *Godfrey*?

Pyb. Hees come, hees come.

Nich. Maister, that's my Kinsman yonder in the Buff-Ierkin—
Kinsman, that's my Maister yonder ith' Tafferie Hatt —pray sa-
lute him intirely? *They salute: and Py-boord salutes*

Sir God. Now my friend. *Maister Edmond.*

Pyb. May I pertake your name sir.

Edm. My name is Maister *Edmund*.

Pyb. Maister *Edmond*,—are you not a Welchman sir?

Edm. A Welshman, why?

Pyb. Because Maister is your Christen name, and *Edmond*
your sir name?

Edm. O no; I haue more names at home, Maister *Edmund*
Plus, is my full name at length.

Pyb. O crie you mercy sir? *Whispering.*

Capt. I vnderstand that you are my Kinsmans good Maister,
and in regard of that, the best of my skill is at your seruice: but
had you fortunde a meere stranger, and made no meanes to me
by acquaintance, I should haue vtterly denied to haue beene
the man; both by reason of the Act past in Parliament against
Coniurers and Witches, as also, because I would not haue my
Arte vulgar, trite, and common.

Sir Godf. I much commend your care therein good Captaine
Coniurer, and that I will be sure to haue it priuate enough, you
shall doote in my Sisters house, — mine owne house I may call
it, for both our charges therein are proportiond.

Capt.

THE TALE OF NICHOLAS.

Capt. Very good sir---what may I call your losse sir?

Sir Godf. O you may call it a great losse sir, a grieuous losse sir, as goodly a Chaine of gold, tho I say it, that wore it: how fairest thou Nicholas?

Nich. O 'twas as delicious a Chaine a Gold, Kinsman you know,--

Sir God. You know? did you know't Captaine?

Capt. I trust a foole with secrets?--- Sir hee may say I know: his meaning is, because my Arte is such, that by it I may gather a knowledge of all things.---

Sir Godf. I very true.

Capt. A pax of all fooles--- the excuse stukke vpon my young like Ship-pitch vpon a Mariners gowne, not to come off in halfe--- bet-lady Knight to loose such a faire Chaine a gold, were a foule losse; Well, I can put you in this good comfort on't, if it bee betweene Heauen and Earth Knight, Ille ha't for you?

Sir God. A wonderfull Coniurer, --- O I,tis betweene heauen and earth I warrant you, it cannot goe out of the realme,--- I know tis some-where aboue the earth?

Capt. I nigher the earth then thou wot'st on.

Sir Godf. For first my Chaine was rich, and no rich thing shall enter into heauen you know?

Nich. And as for the Deuill Maister, he has no need on't, for you know he ha's a great chaine of his owne.

Sir Godf. Thou saiest true Nicholas, but hee has put off that now, that 'yes by him.

Capt. Faith Knight in few wordes, I presume so much vpon the power of my Arte, that I could warrant your Chaine againe.

Sir Godf. O daintie Captaine?

Capt. Marry it will cost me much sweate, I were better goe to sixteene who-cottages.

Sir Godf. I good man, I warrant thee.

Capt. Beside great vexation of Kidney and Liver!

Nich. O twill tickle you here-abouts Coozen, because you haue not beene vsde toot.

Sir Godf. No, haue you not beene vsd too't Captaine?

Capt. Plague of all fooles still; -- indeed Knights I haue not

THE PVRITAINNE WIDDOW.

vsde it a good while, and therefore twill straine me so much the more you know.

Sir Godf. Oh it will, it will.

Cap. What plunges hee puts me to, were not this Knight a foole, I had beeene twice spoyl'd now; that Captaynes worse then accusst that has an asse to his Kinsman---Sfoote I feare hee will driuell't out before I come toote,---Now sir--- to come to the poynt in deede---you see I sticke here in the iawe of the Marshalsea, and cannot doo't.

Sir Godf. Tut tut I know thy meaning, thou wouldest say thou'rt a prisoner, I tell thee thou'rt none.

Cap. How none? why is not this the Marshalsea?

Sir Godf. wouldest heare me speake, I hard of thy rare cuniuring My chayne was lost, I sweate for thy release,

As thou shalt doe the like at home for me,

Keeper.

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Sir.

Sir Godf. Speake is not this man free?

Keep. Yes at his pleasure sir, the fee's discharged;

Sir Godf. Goe, goe, Ile discharge them I.

Keep. I thanke your-worship! *Exet Keeper.*

Cap. Now trust me yar a deere Knight: kindness vncpected, oh theirs nothing to a free Gentleman.—I will cuniure for you sir till Froath come through my Buffe-ierkin?

Sir Godf. Nay then thou shalt not passe with so little a boun-ty, for at the first sight of my chaine agen, —Forty fine Angells shall appeare vnto thee.

Cap. Twil be a glorious shewe, if a Knight a very fine show, but are all these of your owne house? are you sure of that sir?

Sir Godf. I,I,no,no,whats he younder? talking with my wild Nephew, pray heauen, he giue him good counsell;

Cap. Who he hee's a rare friend of mine, an admirable fellow Knight, the finest fortune-teller.

Sir Godf. Oh tis he indeed that came to my Lady sister, & fore-told the losse of my chaine, I am not angry with him now, for I see twas my fortune to loose it; by your leaue M. Fortune-teller, I had a glimpe on you at home at my Sisters the Widdowes, there you prouised of the losse of a chaine,---simply tho I stand here

THE PVRITAYNE WIDDOW.

here I was he that lost it.

Pie. Was it you sir?

Edm. Amy troth Nuncle, hee's the rarest fellow, has told me my fortune so right; I find it so right to my nature.

Sir Godf. What ist? God send it a good one?

Edm. O tis a passing good one, Nuncle: for he sayes I shall proue such an excellent gamster in my time, that I shall spend al faster then my father got it,

Sir Godf. There's a fortune in deed,

Edm. Nay it hits my humour so pat,

Sir Godf. I that will be the end ont, will the Curse of the beggar preuaile so much, that the sonne shall consume that foolish lie, which the father got, craftilie, I,I,I,twill,twill,twill.

Pie. Stay, stay, stay.

Pyeboord with an Almanack

Cap. turne ouer *George.* *and the Captaine.*

Pie. I kno^e Julie, here Julie that this month, Sunday thirtcenc, yester day forteene, to day fiftcene.

Cap. Looke quickly for the fiftcene day, —if within the compasse of these two dayes there would be some Boystrouys storne or other, it would be the best, Ide deser him off till then, some tempest and if be thy will?

Pie. Heres the fiftcene day—hot and fayre.

Cap. Puh, would t'ad becene hot and foule.

Pie. The sixteene day, that's to morrow, the morning for the most part faire and pleasant.

Cap. No lucke.

Pie. But about hye-none-lighning and thunder.

Cap. Lightning and thunder, admirable; best of all, Ile coniure to morrow iust at hie none *George.*

Pie. Happen but true to morrow Almanack, and ile giue thee leaue to lie all the yeare after.

Cap. Sir I must craue your patience, to bestowe this day vpon me, that I may furnish my selfe strongly, ---I sent a spirit into Lancashire tother day, to fetch backe a knaue Drouer, and I looke for his retурne this euening---to morrow morning my friend here and I will come and breake-fast with you.

Sir Godf. Oh you shall be both moft welcome.

Cap. And about Noone without fayle, I purpose to coniure.

Sir Godf.

THE PURITAYNE WIDOW.

Sir Godf. Mid noone will be a fine time for you.

Edm. Coniuring, do you meane to coniure at our house to morrow sir?

Cap. Marry do I sir? tis my intent yong Gentleman,

Edm. By my troth, Ile loue you while I liue fort, o rare, Nicholas we shall haue coniuring to morrowe,

Nic. Puh I, I could ha tould you of that.

Cap. Law hee could ha told him of that, foole, cockscombe could yee.

Edm. Do you heare me sir, I desire more acquaintance on you, you shall earne some money of me, now I knowe you can coniure, but can you fetch any that is lost?

Cap. Oh any thing that's lost.

Edm. Why looke you sir, I tel't you as a frend and a Coniurer, I shold marry a Poticaries daughter, and twas told meshe lost her maidenhead at Stonie stratford; now if youle do but so much as coniure fort, and make allwhole agen.—

Cap. That I will sir.

Edm. By my troth I thanke you la,

Cap. A little merry with your sisters sonne sir.

Sir Godf. Oh a simple yong man, very simple, come Captaine, and you sir, weele een part with a gallon of wine till to morrow breake-fast.

Tip. Cap. Troth agreed sir.

Nic. Kinsman—Scholler?

Pye. Why now thou art a good Knaue, worth a hundred Brownisls.

Nic. Am I indeed la : I thanke you truely la.

Exeunt.

Actus. 4.

Enter Moll, and Sir John Penny-dub.

Penne. But I hope you will not serue a Knight so: Gentlewoman will you: to casheete him, and cast him off at your pleasure ; what do you thinke I was dubd for nothing , no by my faith Ladies daughter.

Moll. Pray Sir John Pennydub, let it be defer'd awhile, I haue as bigge a heart to marry as you can haue ; but as the Fortune-teller tolld me.

Kenny. I ax a'th Fortune-teller, would Derecke had beene his

THE PERTAINING WIDDOW.

his fortune seauen year agoe, to crosse my loue thus : did hee know what case I was in , why this is able to make a man drowne himselfe in's Fathers fish-pond.

Moll. And then hee told mee more ouer Sir *John* , that the breach of it, kept my Father in Purgatorie.

Penny. In Purgatorie ? why let him purge out his heart there, what haue we to do with that ? there's Phisitions enow there to cast his water, is that any matter to vs : how can hee hinder our loue, why let him bee hangd now hee's dead ? --- Well, haue I rid poste day and night, to bring you metry newes of my fathers death, and now —

Moll. Thy Fathers death ? is the old Farmer dead ?

Penny. As dead as his Barne doore *Moll*.

Moll, And you'll keepe your word with mee now, Sir *John*. that I shall haue my Coach and my Coach-man ?

Penny. I faith.

Moll. And two white Horses with black Fethers to draw it ?

Penny. Too,

Moll. A guarded Lackey to run befor't, and pyed liueries to come trashing after't.

Penny. Thou shalt *Moll*.

Moll. And to let me haue money in my purse to go whether

Penny. All this. (I will.

Moll. Then come, what so ere comes on't, weeke bee made sute together before the Maides a'the Kitchin. *Exount.*

Enter Widdow, with her eldest Daughter

Franck and Frailtie.

Wid. How now ? whcre's my Brother Sir *Godfrey* ? went hee forth this morning ?

Frail. O no Madame, hee's aboue at break-east, with sir reuence a Coniurer.

Wid. A Coniurer ? what manner a fellow is he ?

Frail. Oh, a wondrous rare fellow Mistris, very strongly made vpward, for he goes in a Buff-ierkin : he sayes hee will fetch Sir *Godfreys* Chaine agen, if it hang betweene heaven and earth.

Wid. What he will not ? then hee's an exlent fellow I warrant, how happy were that wooman to be blest with such a Husband, a man a cunning ? how do's hee looke *Frailtie* : very swartlie I

G

warrant

THE FORTY-NINE WIDDOW.

warrant, with black beard, scorcht cheeke, and smokie eye-browes.

Frail. Pooh---hee's neither smoake-dryed, nor scorcht, nor black, nor nothing, I tell you. Madame, hee lookes as faire to see to, as one of vs; I do not thinke but if you saw him once, ye'de take him to be a Christian.

Frank. So faire, and yet so cunning, that's to bee wonderd at Mother.

Enter Sir Oliver Muck-hill, and Sir

Andrew Tip-staffe.

Muck. Blesse you sweete Lady.

Tip. And you faire Mistresse.

Exit Frailtie.

Wid. Coades? what doe you meane Gentlemen? fie, did I not give you your answeres?

Muck. Sweete Lady?

Wid. Well, I will not stick with you now for a kisse, Daughter kisse the Gentleman for once.

Frank. Yes forsooth. *Tip.* Inie proud of such a fauour.

Wid. Truly la, sir *Oliver*, y're much to blame to come agen, when you know my minde, so well deliuerd --- as a Widdow could deliuera thing.

Muck. But I expect a farther comfort Lady.

Wid. Why la you now, did I not desire you to put off your sute quite & cleane, when you came to me againe, how say you, did

Muc. But the sincere loue which my heart beares you. (I not.

Wid. Go to, ile cut you off, & Sir *Oliver* to put you in comfort a farre off, my fortune is read me, I must marry againe.

Muck. O blest fortune!

Wid. But not as long as I can choose; --- nay ile hold out, well.

Muc. Yet are my hopes now fairer. *Enter* Frailtie.

Frail. O Madam, Madam.

Wid. How now, what's the hast? *In her eare.*

Tip. Faith Mistresse *Francis* Ile maintaine you gallantly, Ile bring you to Court, weane you among the faire society of ladies poore Kinswomē of mine in cloth of siluer, beside you shal haue your Monckie, your Parrat, your Muskat, & your pisse, pisse, pisse.

Frank. It will do very well.

Wid. What dos he meane to coniure here ther? how shal I do to bee.

THE PVRITAINE WIDDOW.

bee rid of these Knights, -- please you Gentlemen to walke a while ith Garden, go gather a pinck, or a Lilly-flower.

Both. With all our hearts Lady, and count vs fauourd? *Exit.*

Sir Go. Step in *Nicholas*, looke, is the coast cleare, within *Sir Go.*

Nic. Oh, as cleare as a Cattes eye, sir.

Sir Go. Then enter Captaine Coniurer? -- now -- how like you your Rooine sir? *Enter Sir Godf.* *Capt. Pyb.* *Edm.* *Nick.*

Cap. O wonderfull conuenient.

Edm. I can tell you Captaine, sImply tho it lies here, tis the fayrest Rooine in my Mothers house, as dainty a Roome to Coniure in, mee thinkes, --- why you may bidde, I cannot tell how many diuills welcome in't; my Father has had twentie here at once!

Pie. What diuills?

Edm. Diuills, no Deputies, & the welthiest men he could get.

Sir Godf. Nay put by your chattes now, fall to your businesse roundly, the feskewe of the Diall is vpon the Chriffe-crosse of Noone, but oh: heare mee Captaine, a qualme comes ore my stomach?

Cap. Why, what's the matter sir?

Sir Godf. Oh, how if the diuill should prove a knave, and teare the hangings.

Cap. Fuh, I warrant you Sir Godfrey:

Edm. I, Nuncle, or spit fire vpp'oth feeling!

Sir Godf. Very true too, for tis but thin playsterd, and twill quickly take hold a the laths, and if hee chance to spit downeward-too, he will burne all the boords.

Cap. My life for yours Sir Godfrey?

Sir Godf. My Sister is very curious & dainty ore this Roome I can tell and therefore if he must needes spit, I pray desire him to spit ith Chimney.

Pie. Why assure you Sir Godfrey, he shall not be brought vp, with so little manners to spit and spaule a'th flower.

Sir Godf. Why I thanke you good Captaine, pray haue a care I, fall to your Circle, weeble not trouble you I warrant you, come, weeble in to the next Roome, & be cause weeble be sure to keepe him out there, weeble bar vp the dore with some of the Godlies zealous workes.

THE PVKITAINNE WIDDOW.

Edm. That will bee a fine deuice Nunclie, and because the ground shall be as holy as the doore, Ile teare two or three rofaries in peices , and strew the leaues about the Chamber? oh, the devill already,---runs in---

Thunders.

Pj. Stoote Captaine speake somwhat for shame; it lightens & thunders before thou wilt begin, why when?

Cap. Pray peace George ,---thou'l make mee laugh anon ; and spoile all.

Pie. Oh now it begins agen,now,now?now?Captaine?

Cap. Rumbas--ragdayon,pur,pur,cole cundrion, Hois.. Plais.

Sir Godf. Oh admirable Coniurer? has Sir Godfrey through fetcht Thunders already: the keyholes within.

P.e. Harke harke agen Captaine?

Cap. Beniamino,--g:spo:s--kay--go:got boteror--umbrois.

Sir Godf. Oh , I would the devill would come away quicklie, he has no conscience to put a man to such paine?

Pis. Agen!

Cap. Flerste -- Kakopumpos -- dragone -- Leloomenos--hedge-podge.

Pie. Well sayd Captaine.

Sir Godf. So long a comming ? oh would I had nere begun't now, for I feare mee these roaring tempests , will destoy all the fruites of the earth, and tread vpon my corne--oh , ith Country.

Cap. Gog de gog, hobgoblin, huncks,hounslow, hockley te coome parke.

Wid. O brother , brother , what a tempests ith, Garden , sure there's some coniuration abroad.

Sir Godf. Tis at home sister!

Pie. By and by, Ile step in? Captaine?

Cap. Nunck--Nunck--Rip--Gascoynes,Ipis,Drip--Dropite.

Sir Godf. Hee drippes and droppes poore man? alasse , alasse.

Pie. Now I come?

Cap. O Sulphure Sooteface---

Pie. Arch-coniurer,what wouldest thou with me?

Sir Godf. O the diuill sister , ith dyning Chamber,sing Sister, I warrant you that will keepe him out,quickly,quickly,quickly.

goes in.

Pie. So, so ,so , Ile release thee , ynough Captaine , ynough, allow

THE PVRITAINE WIDDOW.

allowe vs some time to laughe a little , they're shuddering and shaking by this time , as it an Earth-quake were in their kidneys.

Cap. Sirrah George , how wast , how wast , did I doo't well ynough.

Pie. woulst beleue mee Captaigne , better then any Coniurer , for here was no harme in this , and yet their horible expectatiōn satisfied well , you were much beholding to thundur & lightning at this time it gracst you well I can tell you?

Cap. I must needs say so George? sirrah if wee could ha conuide hether cleanly a cracker or a fire-wheele t'ad beeene admirable.

Pie. Blurt , blurt theirs nothing remaines to put thee to paine new Captaine.

Cap. Paine ? I protest George my heeles are sorer , then a Whitson Morris-dancer.

Pie. All's past now , ---only to reueale that the chaines ith Garden where thou knowst it has laine these two daies.

Cap. But I feare that fox Nicholas has reueald it already?

Pie. Feare not Captaigne , you must put it to'th venture now ! Nay tis time , call vpon c'm , take pity on c'm , for I beleue some off 'em are in a pittifull case by this time .

Cap. Sir Godfrey? Nicholas , Kinsman--Sfoot they'r fast at it still George , Sir Godfrey?

Sir Godf. Oh , is that the diuils voyce? how comes he to know my name .

Cap. Feare not Sir Godfrey all's quieted .

Sir Godf. What is he layd?

Cap. Layde; and has newly dropt,
Your chaine ith Garden.

Sir Godf. Ith Garden ! in our Garden?

Cap. Your Garden?

Sir Godf. O sweete Coniurer ? where abouts there?

Cap. Looke-well about a banck of Rosemary .

Sir Godf. Sifter the Rosemary banck , come , come , ther's my chaine he fajes .

Wid. Oh happinesse , run , run .

Edm. Captaine Coniurer ?

supposed to goe.

Edm. at keyhoole .

THE FVRITTAINE WIDDOW.

Cap. Who? Maister Edmond.

Edm. I Maister Edmond may I come in safely, without danger
thinkeyou.

Cap. Fuh, long agoe, tis all, as twas at first.

Feare nothing, pray come neere---how now? man.

Edm. Oh this Roomes mightily hot ifaith, slid my shirt sticks
to my Belly already, what a steame the Rogue has left be hind
him? soh this roome must be ayrd Gentlemen it smells horribly
of Brimstoone---lets open the windowes,

Pye Faith maister Edmond tis but your conceite,

Edm. I would you could make me beleue that ifaith, why
do you thinke I cannot smell his sauour, from another: yet I take
it kindly from you, because you would not put me in a feare
ifaith, a my troth I shal loue you for this the lógest day of mylfe.

Cap. Puh, tis nothing sir, loue me when you see more.

Edm. Massle now I remeber Ile looke whether he has sin-
ged the hangings or no.

Pye Captaine, to entertaine a litle sport till they come; make
him beleue, youle charme him inuisible, hes apt to admire any
thing you see let me alone to give force too'te.

Cap. goe, retire, to yonder end then.

Edm. I protest you are a rare fellowe, are you not.

Cap. O maister Edmond, you know but the least part of me
yet, why now at this instant I could but florish my wand thrice
ore your head, and charme you inuisible.

Edm. What you could not? make me walke inuisible man; I
should laugh at that ifaith, troth ile requite your kindnes and
youle doo t. good Captaine coniurer.

Cap. Nay I should hardly deny you such a small kindnesse
Master Edmond Plus, why looke you sir tis no more but this, and
thus and agen, and now yar inuisible!

Edm. Am I ifaith, who would thinke it.

Cap. You see the fortune-teller yonder at farder end ath cham-
ber goe toward him, do what you will with him he shall nec
finde you.

Edm. Say you so, ile trie that ifaith, ----- *Iustles him.*

Pye. How now? Captaine, whose that iustled me?

Cap. Iustled you? I saw no body.

Edm.

THE PVRITIANE WIDOW.

Edm. Ha,ha,ha,-----say I was a spirit,

Cap. Shall I? --- may be some spirit that haunts the circle.

Pys. O my nose, agen, pray coniure then Captaine,

Puls him by the Nose.

Edm. Troth this is exlent, I may do any knavery now and never be seene, - and now I remenber mee, Sir Godfrey my Uncle abuside me to other day, & told tales of me to my Mother - Troth now Ime inuisible, ile hit him a sound wherrit ath' eare, when he comes out ath' garden, -- I may be reuengd on him now finely.

*Enter Sir Godfrey, Widdow, Franck, Nicholas
with the Chaine.*

Sir God. I haue my Chaine againe, my Chaine's found againe;
O sweete Captaine, O admirable Coniurer. *Edm.* strikes him.
Oh what meane you by that Nephew?

Edm. Nephew? I hope you do not know mee Uncle?

Wid. Why did you strike your Uncle sir?

Edm. Why Captaine am I not inuisible?

Capt. A good iest George, --- not now you are not Sir,
Why did you not see me when I did vncharine you?

Edm. Not I by my troth Captaine:

Then pray you pardon mee Uncle,
I thought Ide beene inuisible when I struck you.

Sir Godf. So, you would doo't? go, -- y're a foolish Boy,
And were I not ore-coime with greater ioy,
Ide make you taste correction.

Edm. Correction, push---no, neither you nor my Mother shall
thinke to whip me as you haue done.

Sir Godf. Captaine my ioy is such, I know not how to thanke
you, let me embrace you, hug you, O my sweete Chaine, Glad-
nesse 'cen makes mee giddy, rare man: twas as iust ith' Rose-
marie banck, as if one shoule ha laide it there --- oh cuanning,
cunning!

Wid. Well, seeing my fortune tels mee I must marry; let me
marry a man of witte, a man of parts, here's a worthy Cap-
taine, and 'tis a fine Title truely la to bee a Captaines Wife, a
Captaines Wife, it goes very finely, beside all the world knows
that a worthy Captaine, is a fitte Companion to any Lord,
then:

then why not a sweete bed-fellow for any Lady, — Ille haue it so —

Enter Frailtie.

Frail. O Mistris, Gentlemen, there's the brauest sight com-
ming along this way.

Wid. What braue sight?

Frai. Oh, one going to burying, & another going to hanging.

Wid. A ruefull sight.

Pyb Sfoot Captaine, Ille pawne my life the Corporals coffind,
and old Skirmish the souldier going to execution, & 'tis now full
about the time of his walking ; hold out a little longer sleepie
potion, and we shall haue exlent admiration ; for Ille take vpon
me the cure of him.

*Enter the Coffin of the Corporall, the souldier bound, and
lead by Officers, the Sheriffe there.*

Frail. Oh here they come, here they come !

Pyb. Now must I close secretly with the Souldier, preuent his
impatience, or else all's discouered ?

Wid. O lamentable seeing, these were thosc Brothers, that
fought and bled before our doore.

Sir Godf. What they were not Sister ?

Ski'm, George, looke toote, Ille peach at Tyburne else.

Pyb. Mum, — Gentles all, vouchsafe mee audience, and you
especially Maister Shiriffe :

Yon man is bound to execution,

Because he wounded this that now lyes coffind ?

Sbir. True, true, he shall haue the law, — and I know the law ?

Pyb. But vnder fauour Maister Sheriffe, if this man had beene
cured and safe agen, he should haue beene releasde then ?

Sbir. Why make you question of that Sir ?

Pyb. Then I release him freely, and will take vpon mee the
death that he should dye, if within a little season, I do not cure
him to his proper health agen.

Sbir. How Sir ? recover a dead man ?

That were molt strange of all. *Frank comes to him.*

Frank. Sweete Sir, I loue you deereley, and could wish my best
part yours, — oh do not vndertake such an impossible venture.

Pyb. Loue you me ; then for your sweet sake Ille doo't :

Let

THE PVRITAINE WIDDOW.

Let me entreat the corps to be set downe.

Shir. Bearers set downe the Coffin, -- this were wonderfull, and worthy *Stes Chronicle*.

Pyb. I pray bestow the freedome of the ayre, vpon our wholesome Arte, -- masse, his cheeke begin to receiue naturall warmth: nay good Corporall wake betime, or I shall haue a longer sleepe then you, --Sfoote if he shold proue dead indeed now, he were fully reuengd vpon me for making a property on him, yet I had rather run vpon the Ropes, then haue the Rope like a Letter run vpon mee, oh--he stirs--hee stirs agen-- looke Gentlemen, he recouers, he starts, he rises.

Shir. Oh,oh, defend vs-- out alasse.

Pyb. Nay pray be still; youle make him more giddy else, --he knowes no body yet.

Corp. Zounes: who am I? couerd with Snow? I matuaile?

Pyb. Nay I knew hee would sweare the first thing hee did, as soone as ever he came to his life agen.

Corp. Sfoote Hostesse — some hotte Porridge, — oh, oh, lay on a dozen of Fagots in the Moone parler, there.

Pyb. Lady, you must needs take a little pitty of him yfaith, and send him in to your Kitchin fire.

Wid. Oh, with all my heart sir, *Nicholas* and *Fraikie*, he'pe to beare him in.

Nich. Beare him in, qua tha, pray call out the Maides, I shall nere haue the heart to doo't indeed la.

Frai. Nor I neither, I cannot abide to handle a Ghost of all me,

Cor. Sbloud, let me see, where was I drunke last night, hch--

Wid. Oh, shall I bid you once agen take him away.

Frai. Why, we're as fearefull as you I warrant you--oh--

Wid. Away villaines, bid the Maides make him a Cawdle prently to settle his braine, --or a Posset of Sack, quickly, quickly.

Exeunt, pushing in the corps.

Skir. Sir, what so ere you are, I do more then admire you.

Wid. O I, if you knew all Maister Shiriffe, as you shall doe, you would say then, that here were two of the rarest men within the walls of Christendome.

Shir. Two of 'em, O wonderfull: Officers I discharge you, set him free, all's in tune.

THE PVRITAIN E WIDDOW.

Sir Godf. I and a banquet ready by this time Maister Sheriff, to which I most cheerefully enuite you, and your late prisoner there? see you this goodly chaine sir, mun, no more words, twas lost, and is found againe; come my inestimable bullies, weele talke of your noble A&ts in sparkling Charnico, and in stead of a Iester, weele ha the ghost ith white sheetes sit at vpper end a'th Table.

Sheriff. Exlent merry man ysaith. *Exit.*

Franck. Well seeing I am enioynd to loue and marry,
My foolish vow thus I casheere to Ayre
Which first begot it,--now loue play thy part;
The scholler readees his lecture in my heatt.

Actus 5. Scen. 1.
Enter in hast Maister Edmund and Frayltie.

Ed. This is the mariage morning for my mother & my sister.
Frai. O me Maister Edmund we shall ha rare doings.

Ed. Nay go Frayltie runne to the Sexton, you know my mother wilbe married at Saint Antlings, hie thee, tis past fiue, bid them open the Church dore, my sister is almost ready.

Fra. What al ready Maister Edmund.

Ed. Nay go hie thee first run to the Sexton, and runne to the Clarke and then run to Maister Pigman the Parson, and then run to the Millanor, and then run home agen,

Frai. Heer's sun, sun, sun—

Ed. But harke Frailty;

Frai. What more yet?

Edm. Has the maides remembred to strew the way to the Church.

Frai. Fagh an houre ago I help 'em my selfe.

Ed. Away, away, away then.

Frai. Away, away, away then

Exit Frailty;

Edm. I shall haue a simple Father inlawe, a braue Captaine able to beate all our streete; Captaine Idle, now my Ladie Mother wilbe fittet for a delicate name, my Ladie Idle, my Ladie Idle, the finest name that can be for a woman, and then the Scholler Maister Pie-boord for my sister Francis, that wilbe Mistris

THE FVRITAYNE WIDDOW.

Mistris Francis Pie-boord, Mistris Francis Pie-boord, theill
keepe a good table I warrant you, Now all the knights noses
are put out of ioynt, they may go to a bone setters now.

Enter Captaine and Pie-boord.

Harke, harke oh who comes here with two Torches before
'em, my sweete Captaine, and my fine Scholler, oh, how brauely
they are shot vp in one night, they looke like fine Brittauns
now me thinkes, heres a gallant chaunge ifaith shid they haue
hir'd merland all by the clock.

Cap. Maister Edmond, kinde, honest, dainty Maister Edmond.

Edm. Fogh, sweete Captaine Father inlaw a rare perfume
isayth.

Pie. What are the Brides stirring? may wee scall vpon 'em
thinkst thou Maister Edmond.

Edm. Faw, there e'en vpon reddines I can assure you? for they
were at there Torch e'en now, by the same token I tumbled
downe the staires.

Pie. Alas poore Maister Edmond.

Enter musicians.

Cap. O the musicians! I prce the Maister Edmond call 'em in
and licquour 'em a little.

Ed. That I will sweete Captaine father in law and make ech
of them as drunck as a common fiddeler. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Sir John Penidub, and Moll above lacing
of her clothes.

Pen. Whewh Mistris Mol, Mistris Mol.

Mol. Who's there? *Pen.* Tis I.

Mol. Who Sir John Penidub, O you'r an early cocke ifayth, who
would haue thought you to be so rare a stirrer.

Pen. Preethe Mol let me come vp.

Mol. No by my faith Sir John, Ile keepe you downe, for
you Knights are very dangerous if once you get aboue.

Pen. Ile not stay ifaith.

Mol. Ifaith you shall staie, for Sir John you must note
the nature of the Climates your Northen wench in her
owne Countrie may well hold out till shee bee fiftene,

THE PVRITAINIAN WIDDOW.

but if she touch the South once', and come vp to London , here
the Chimes go presently after twelue.

Pen. O' th' art a mad wench Moll, but I pree thee make hast,
for the Priest is gone before.

Moll. Do you follow him, hee not be long after. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Oliver Muck-hill, Sir Andrew Tip-staffe,
and old Skirmish talking.

Muck. O monstrous vn-heard of forgeries.

Tip. Knight, I neuer heard of such villany in our owne coun-
trie, in my life.

Muck. Why 'tis impossible, dare you maintaine your words?

Skir. Dare wee? een to their wezen pipes; we know all their
plots, they cannot squander with vs, they haue knauishly abuse
vs, made onely properties on's to aduance their selues vpon our
shoulders, but they shall rue their abuses, this morning they are
to bee married.

Muck. Tis too true, yet if the Widdow be not too much be-
fotted on slights and forgeries, the reue'ation of their villanies
will make 'em loathsome, and to that end, be it in priuate to you,
I sent late last night to an honourable personage, to whom I am
much indebtied in kindnesse, as he is to me; and therefore pre-
sume vpon the painment of his tongue, and that hee will ley out
good words for me, and to speake truth, for such needfull occa-
sions, I onely preserue him in bond, and some-times he may doe
me no more good here in the Cittie by a free word of his mouth,
then if hee had paide one halfe in hand, and tooke Doomef-
day for 'other.

Tip. In troth Sir, without soothing bee it spoken, you haue
publisht much iudgement in these few words.

Muck. For you know, what such a man vters will be thought
effectuall and to waigthy purpose, and therefore into his mouth
weel put the approoued theame of their forgeries.

Skir. And hee maintaine it Knight, if sheele be true.

Enter a servant.

Muck. How now fellow.

Serv. May it please you Sir, my Lord is newly lighted from
his Coache.

Muc. Is

THE FVRITAIN WIDOW.

Muc. Is my Lord come already; his honours early,
You see he loues me well vp before seauen,
Trust me I haue found him night capt at a eleuen,
Ther's good hope yet; come Iee relate all to him. *Exeunt.*

Enter the two Bridegromes Captaine and Scholler after them, Sir Godfrey and Edmond, Widdow chandge in apparell, misfris Francis led betweene two Knights, Sir John Penny-dub and Moll: there meetes them a Noble man, Sir Oliuer Muckil, and Sir Andrew Tip-staffe.

Nob. By your leue Lady.
Wid. My Lord your honour is most chastly welcome,
Nob. Madam tho I came now from court, I come not to flatter
you: vpon whom can I iustly cast this blot, but vpon your owne
fore-head, that know not inke from milke such is the blind be-
sotting in the state of an vnheaded woman that's a widdow. For
it is the property of all you that are widdowes (a hand full ex-
cepted) to hate those that honestly and carefully loue you, to
the maintenance of credit state and posterity, and strongly to
doat on those, that only loue you to vndo you who regard you
least are best regarded, who hate you most are best beloved,
And if there be but one man amongst tenne thousand millions
of men that is acciust disastrous and euilly planeted whome
Fortune beates most, whome God hates most, and all Soci-
ties esteeme least, that man is suere to be a husband---Such is
the peeuiish Moone that rules you bloods. An Impudent fellow
best woes you, a flattering lip best wins you, or in a mirr who
talkes roughliest is most sweetest, nor can you distinguish truth,
from forgeries, mistes from Simplisity, witnes these two deceit-
full monsters that you haue entertaind for bride-groomes.

Wid. Deceitfull.

Pic. All will out.

Cap. Sfoote who has blabbd *George*? that foolish *Nicholas*.

Nob. For what they haue besotted your easie bleed withall,
weare nought but forgeries, the fortune telling for husbands,
the coniuring for the chaine, *Sir Godfrey* heard the falphod of al:
nothing but meere knavery deceit and coozenzage.

Wid. O wonderfull, indeed I wondred that my husband with

THE FVRITAIN WIDDOW.

all his craft could nor keepe himselfe out of purgatory.

Sir Godf. And I more wonder that my chaine should be gon
and my Taylor had none of it.

Mol. And I wondred most of all that I, should be tyed from
marriage hauing such a mind too't, come **S. John Pennydub**, faire
wether on our side the moone has chaingd since yester night.

Pie. The Sting of euery cuill is with-in mee.

Nob. And that you may perceave I faine not with you, behould
their fellow actor in those forgeries who full of Spleene and
enuy at their so suddaine aduancements reueled all there plot
in anger.

Pie. Base Souldier to reueall vs.

Wid. Ist possible wee should be blinded so and our eys open

Nob. Widdow wil you now beleue that false, which to soone
you beleued true.

Wid. O to my shame I doe.

Sir Godf. But vnder fauour my Lord my chaine was truly
lost and straingly found againe.

Nob. Resolute him of that Souldier,

Sir. In few words Knight then, thou wert the arch-gull of all.

Sir Godf. How Sir.

Skir. Nay ile proue it: for the chayne was but hid in the rose-
mary bancke all this while, and thou gotst him out of pryon to
Coniure for it who did it admirably fustianly, for indeed what
neede any others when he knew where it was.

Sir Godf. O vilainy of vilanies, but how came my chaine there

Skir. Wheres truly la, in deed la, he that will not sweare, but
lie, he that will not steale, But rob:pure **Nicholas Saint Antlings**.

Sir Godf. O Villaine one of our society,

Deemd alwaies holy, pure, religious,

A Puritan? a theefe, when wast euer hard?

Sooner wee'll kill a man then Steale thou knowst,

Out flauie Ile rend my lyon from thy back----with mine owne
hands.

Nicb. Deare Maister, oh,

Nob. Nay Knight dwell in patience,

And now widdow being so neere the Church, twer great pity,

nay uncharity to send you home againe without a husband,
drawe

THE PVRITAINE WIDDOW.

drawe nerer you of true worship, state and credit, that should not stand so farre of from a widdow, and suffer forged shapes to come betweene you, Not that in these, I blemish the true Title of a Captaine, or blot the faire margent of a Scholler; For I honnor worthy and deserving parts in the one, and cherishe fruitfull Vertues in the other. Come Lady, and you Virgin bestowe your eys and your purest affections, vpon men of estimation both in Court and Citry, that hath long woed you, and both with there hearts and wealth sincearly loue you.

Sir Godf. Good Sitter doe: Sweet little *Frank*, these are men of reputation, you shalbe welcome at Court: a great creddit for a Citizen sweet Sister.

Nob. Come her scilence doos consent too't.

Wid. I know not with what face,

Nob. Pah pah why with your owne face they desire no other.

Wid. Pardon me worthy Sirs, I and my daughter haue wrongd your loues.

Muck. Tis easily pardon'd Lady,
If you vouchsafe it now.

Wid. With all my soule,

Fran. And I with all my heart,

Moll. And I Sir John with soule, heart, lights and all,

Sir Ioh. They are all mine *Moll*.

Nob. Now Lady?

What honest Spirit but will applaud your choyce,
And gladly furnish you with hand and voyce,
A happy change which makes een heauen rejoyce.
Come enter into your loyes, you shall not want,
For fathers now, I doubt it not beleue me,
But that you shall haue hands inough to giue. *Exeunt omnes.*

Dous dedis his quoq; finem;

FINIS.

